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## REVIEWS

*History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France, from the year 1807 to the year 1814.* By W. F. P. Napier. Vol. III. London, 1831. Boone.

IN our review of Capt. Moyle Sherer's 'Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington,' we promised to take the opportunity of the publication of the present volume to examine into a work which English readers have hitherto read and received as history. We are convinced the Peninsular War cannot at this time be impartially narrated; for, although events may be well known and well understood, and although the historian may have the most important "manuscript authorities" open to his inspection, yet there are living parties and living interests to consult, to flatter, and to excuse, that will intrude between an author and his independence. Colonel Napier has not escaped the rock upon which wreck is next to inevitable; but from the display of great names, a not unpleasant style, and a goodly show of authorities, the Colonel has acquired a character for fidelity, zeal, and care, as an historian, which no one has yet dared to dispute. There is an old vulgar phrase of "Give it them, for they have no friends!" which appears to have inspired the Colonel's pen in its Peninsular history. The Spaniards having "no friends" are made to bear the brunt of every mishap, of every error, and of every crime. We purpose now redeeming the pledge which we gave in a previous number, and shall proceed to examine the Colonel's work; but, though we have more than a tolerable knowledge of the events connected with the Peninsular War, and of Spanish affairs in general, we feel that the task which we have set ourselves is no easy one.

The object which Colonel Napier had in view in writing his work, is set forth in the following passage:—"The Spaniards have boldly asserted, and the world has believed, that the deliverance of the Peninsula is the work of their hands: this assertion, so contrary to the truth, I combat." We will not discuss the sense in which the assertion, if ever made, was intended to be understood. The Spaniards deny having made it, and affirm that they have never disputed the part which the English took in the contest; but they claim a right to say, that, without their revolution, Bonaparte's fate would have been very different from what it was—and that, without their co-operation, England would have achieved nothing in the Peninsula. The Colonel says, "From that moment (the battle of Talavera) to the end of the struggle, he (the Duke of Wellington) warred indeed for Spain and in Spain, but never with Spain." It would be idle to discuss the motives of his Grace's fighting: but, can any one believe that the English army, mighty as was its com-

mander, and vast as were its own courage and power, could have remained in the Peninsula a handful of months, if the Spaniards had been passive spectators of the struggle? Without the Spanish armies and the guerillas, and without the resolution of a goaded country, could the single English army have expelled the French from Spain? If the Colonel think otherwise, we do not wonder at the pleasant severity uttered in one of the *Diarios*:—"Let not the world accuse the Andalusians of being the greatest boasters upon the face of the earth: there is an Englishman who can be a match for all the past, present, and future Andalusians!"

As Colonel Napier differs very materially and very generally from the other Peninsula historians, we think he was bound to give his authorities for his variations: but he is singularly silent on this head. We rather opine that the French newspapers of the time—*veracious* to a fault—and the Spanish gazettes of King Joseph, prompted the Colonel more than he has been willing to admit, particularly in that which concerns Spain.

The celebrated Abbé De Pradt says, in one of his works, "Show me the man capable of making the Spaniards agree upon any one given subject." The Abbé would have found this miracle of human nature in Colonel Napier, for his writings have cemented Constitutionalists, *Moderados*, Royalists, Apostolicals, *Afrancesados*, all in one firm mass, opposed to him whom they deem their calumniator and not their historian. Liberals and Anti-liberals agree in censuring the Colonel; and the severity of their censure is not to be marvelled at, when it is borne in mind that our author has exhausted the whole vocabulary of abuse on the Spaniards. There has been no want of sharp retort on the behalf of Spain: M. Canga Argüelles, an emigrant, who was a minister and member of the Cortes, has published in London three volumes in reply, but as the work is in Spanish, it is of course little known. In Spain the *Afrancesados*, in the Spanish semi-official newspaper, have combated Colonel Napier:—though, perhaps, they should have been the last persons to revile an author whose assertions are often traceable to the calumnies published by those followers of Napoleon against their political enemies during the struggle. The *Correo Literario*, the only literary journal—the *Athenæum* of Spain—has thundered forth against the Colonel; and even some of the common *Diarios*, in the midst of advertisements for lost mules, wet-nurses, and situations, have burst out in the general chorus of national anger against the English author. We apprehend the Colonel is little aware of the feeling he has excited in the breasts of all ardent Spaniards.

But now to the history itself; and let us premise, that with nine-tenths of the work

we have nothing to do. Battles, sieges, and military manoeuvres are beyond our critical skill. We intend only to hazard a few comments on what is called the historical part of the work—and first, respecting the murders committed on the outbreaking of the revolution in the months of May and June, 1808. The Colonel says, (p. 27 of the 1st volume,) "Massacres, assassinations, cruelties of the most revolting kind were everywhere perpetrated." And again, (p. 34) "Meanwhile, the assassinations at Cadiz and at Seville were imitated in every part of Spain; hardly can a town be named, in which some innocent and worthy persons were not slain." The Spaniards have repeatedly challenged the Colonel to prove that in those two months there were more than twenty persons slain in that way, excepting at Valencia, of which we shall speak hereafter. Now, if the Spaniards be correct, all the murders committed from May to December, in the confusion of the several risings and commotions, both of the cities and the armies, did not equal in number those perpetrated by the French in the horrible night of the 2nd of May at Madrid; the Spaniards can quote in support of their assertion, good English authority—no less than that of the Marquis of Londonderry. Colonel Napier asserts the contrary; and, following his system of softening the French atrocities and aggravating those of the Spaniards, diminishes as much as he can the number of victims sacrificed in cool blood on that night, and cultivates a supposition, that after nightfall the French were occupied in repulsing the peasantry of the neighbourhood, who came armed and in considerable numbers towards the city,—an event which we believe has not been hinted at by any other historian, and one which we think impossible to have happened, because the neighbourhood was then occupied by French troops.

Returning to Colonel Napier's accounts of murders perpetrated at the Spanish rising, he says, (p. 36, vol. i.) "In Valladolid the insurgent patriots laid violent hands upon every person who did not instantly concur in their wishes, and pillage was added to murder." The inhabitants of Valladolid have challenged Colonel Napier to prove that there was any one person slain in their city except Cevallos; and they appeal to the Englishmen who were at the time in the English college of that city to bear witness that there was not the least pillage, (although such a charge originated in the lying account published of the rising of Valladolid, in the French Gazette of Madrid); that, instead of laying violent hands upon every person who did not instantly concur in their wishes, they had the greatest patience with General Cuesta;† and that, although there were many

† As General Cuesta plays so distinguished a part in the revolution, we will give an account of the manner

rich French residents there, and several French soldiers in the hospitals, not one was attacked or molested in any way. In fact, General Lasalle, in his proclamation after the battle of Cabezon, gave as a reason for not pillaging the city, the good conduct of the inhabitants with respect to French residents and the French sick.

The inhabitants of Cadiz laugh to this day, at the idea that they could be earnestly anxious, as Colonel Napier repeatedly asserts them to have been, to let the English take possession of their city; and they retort, in no very measured terms, respecting the anxiety of the English government to possess that place, so long as there was no hope of liberating Spain, and, more than all, about Sir G. Smith's mission, and the ingenuity with which he influenced the mob to make themselves auxiliaries.

The inhabitants of Zaragoza are not very well pleased with Colonel Napier, for preferring the French and Frenchified accounts of that time, even to some French accounts of a posterior date, which have done them ample justice. We shall have to speak hereafter of Zaragoza, but we cannot but believe that the following paragraph (at page 51, vol. ii.) casts a severe reflection on the Colonel's book. "For more than a month preceding the surrender, he (Palafox) never came forth from a vaulted building, which was impervious to shells, and in which there is too much reason to believe, he and others of both sexes lived in a state of sensuality, forming a disgusting contrast to the wretchedness that surrounded them." It is true that Palafox did not leave his house during the three or four weeks preceding the surrender; but all the defenders of Zaragoza know that he was all that time labouring under a typhus fever, which was then raging in the city; and, so far from being able to luxuriate in a base debauchery, he was almost always in a state of stupor, and when the place surrendered, he was so ill, that he could not be consulted about the capitulation.† We remember to have read the debasing accusation which the Colonel has repeated, for he is not the inventor, covertly insinuated in one of those papers published by the French and their few Spanish allies, when, in the bitterness of their

in which he was induced to take a part in it, not merely for its singularity, but because it is the best answer to Colonel Napier:—"On the 30th of May, the day of St. Ferdinand, the inhabitants of Valladolid rose, went in great numbers to the General, and told him they wished to proclaim Ferdinand, and declare war against Napoleon. He laughed at the proposal, and merely said, 'Well, well!' From that day to the 5th of June, being six days, the inhabitants were arming themselves, but without the General taking any part. At last, on the morning of the 5th, the mob put up the gibbet in the great square, and said they were going to hang the General if he did not lead them on to fight against the French. The old man came to the square—told them that, since they were in earnest, he would be their leader, and promised never to yield to Napoleon. The mob burned the gibbet, cheered him, carried him in triumph, and from that moment Cuesta was faithful to his word."

Colonel Napier says (p. 47, vol. ii.), that, according to the French writers, Zaragoza surrendered at discretion. We will point him out two very good French authorities which prove the contrary. In the *Gaceta de Madrid*, of 24th February 1809, the official journal of Joseph, the capitulation was published in the same terms as those published by the Spaniards. It was also notified in the *Courrier d'Espagne*, of 26th Feb., a French newspaper published at Madrid. Napoleon forbade its publication in France, and he was so annoyed at its having been published at Madrid, that, by a decree of the 13th of March, he forbade the publication of the *Courrier d'Espagne*, or any other French newspaper, in Spain. We must indeed add, that the capitulation was most disgracefully broken, and that Palafox was so treated, as to have had his health shattered, probably for the remainder of his days!

disappointment, they scattered calumnies against the patriots, although tending to no other result than to serve in the awkward squad of Colonel Napier's historical authorities.

The Colonel, speaking of the Juntas, says (page 292, vol. i.) "The Junta of one province would not assist another with arms when there was a surplus, nor permit their troops to march against the enemy, beyond the precincts of the particular province in which they were organized." It is strange that the Spaniards assign as the principal reason of their defeats, the thoughtless haste with which most of the Juntas, when there were no French soldiers in their immediate neighbourhood, dispatched their troops to other provinces in which the French were congregated; and we think they are as right in point of fact as in point of argument; though it must be confessed, that the task of the Juntas was not an easy one, for in most cases, with that peculiar rashness which marked the beginning of the Spanish revolution, so contrary to the fear and cowardice which, according to the Colonel, stained the character of the Spaniards, the troops were quite wild to attack the French, and could not be controlled. That Colonel Napier in his sweeping accusation is in the wrong, a few plain facts will prove. The Junta of Asturias was formed on the 24th of May, and the Asturian troops were already in the kingdom of Leon the 3d of June. The Junta of Galicia was formed at the end of May, and the Gallician troops were in Castile one month after. The Junta of Valencia was so eager to send the troops to Catalonia, that, twelve days after its formation, the notorious Canon Calvo, with his wretched followers, was able to take possession of the citadel, which had been deserted that the troops might be dispatched to Catalonia. And the haste of the Junta of Oviedo to assist the Castilians with arms, was equally mischievous; for many of these arms fell unfortunately into the hands of the French.

But the sins of the Juntas, it appears, were not limited to their military manoeuvres; according to Colonel Napier, they were guilty, and most guilty, of plunder and treachery. As the Colonel deals in vague generalities, the Spaniards say that it is impossible to answer him in any other way than by a reference to the general fact, that, when political animosity was at its utmost height, and it was the fashion to abuse the Juntas, only four or five, out of more than two hundred, were accused of the heavier sins last mentioned. But the severe losses suffered during the war by most of the members of the Juntas, men in general selected from the richest in the province, is the best answer to such a sweeping accusation.

Our own intimate acquaintance with the events of the Peninsular War has led us to detect innumerable and serious errors in Colonel Napier's book; and the conviction to which our minds have been brought, of the grievous wrong done to the Spanish people, has instigated us to come forward more fully on the Colonel's work than the mere publication of a third volume would have induced us to do. Colonel Napier appears to us to have obtained the general popularity which has fallen to him, by rivetting the errors of the English—the faults of the French—all the follies and all

the atrocities of all parties, upon the poor Spaniards.

Let us now consider the extraordinary way the Colonel has of relating the most commonly-known events.

Thus, (p. 17, vol. i.) "The accusation of treason and intended parricide preferred by Charles IV. against his son Ferdinand, gave rise to some judicial proceedings, which ended in the submission of the latter; and Ferdinand being absolved of the imputed crime, wrote a letter to his father and mother, acknowledging his own fault, and accusing the persons who surrounded him of being the instigators of deeds which he abhorred."

In this passage there are the following notable mistakes:—1st, There never were any judicial proceedings against Ferdinand, and therefore he was neither absolved nor condemned;—2dly, The judicial proceedings were against his friends, who were, indeed, absolved, to the great honour of their judges, who resisted all the influence of the government;—3dly, Ferdinand did not write a letter; he signed one which was presented to him, not after the judicial proceedings were ended, but before they began;—and, 4th, he did not, we believe, accuse any person whatever. This passage, we think, is about as disastrous in its assertions as any that ever blurred the page of the romance of history.

Again, the Colonel says, (p. 20.) that Ferdinand appointed Murat a member of the Supreme Junta—which was not exactly the case. And at (p. 21) that "Charles IV., under the protection of Murat, resumed his rights." What rights? the crown? No!—In France, it is true, he resumed the crown, to give it up to Napoleon.

All that Colonel Napier says about the Aranjuez insurrection is error from first to last; but, as we have given the true history of it before, in reviewing Captain Moyle Sherer's eminently blundering book, we refer our readers to that article.†

The following paragraph to which we have alluded, as having misled Capt. Sherer, contains, perhaps, the greatest collection of mistakes that ever met in congress in history. "Don Miguel de Saavedra, the governor of that city (Valencia), was killed, not in the fury of the moment, for he escaped the first danger and fled, but being pursued and captured, was brought back and deliberately sacrificed. Baltasar Calvo, a canon of the church of St. Isidro, then commenced a massacre of the French residents. For twelve days, unchecked, he traversed the streets of Valencia, followed by a band of fanatics, brandishing their knives and filling all places with blood: many hundred helpless people fell the victims of his thirst for murder; and at last, emboldened by the impunity he enjoyed, Calvo proceeded to threaten the Junta itself: but there his career was checked. Those worthy personages, who (with the exception of Mr. Tupper, the English consul, then a member,) had calmly witnessed his previous violence, at once found the means to crush his power, when their own safety was concerned. The Canon, being in the act of braving their authority, was seized by stratagem, imprisoned, and soon afterwards strangled, together with two hundred of his band."

† See the leading article in the *Athenæum*, No. 168.

"A mad world, my masters!" Don Miguel Saavedra was *not*, and had never been Governor of Valencia, nor had he to escape or avoid danger in the first instance, because, when he left Valencia the day after the revolution, so far from being a suspected person, he had been appointed a member of the Junta, by acclamation of the people. He left the city of his own free will, neglecting to accept his new charge, an omission which, unfortunately, in the confusion of one of those riots so common at the time, cost him his life, on his voluntary return to the city, after an absence of three days.

Mr. Tupper too was not at the time the English consul: so the blundering has actually sprung a leak in the parenthesis.

The Canon Calvo began his revolt the 5th of June, at twilight, seizing the citadel with some peasants he had collected, and taking an advantage of the want of troops, which had gone to Catalonia: he began by killing the French who were in the citadel, in spite of the exertions of an immense number of friars of the city who were in procession with the host to save them, but who found they had reckoned without their host. Very early in the morning of the 6th of July, the Canon sent orders to the General and all the authorities to go to the citadel; but the Junta met at the General's house, and, intending to take him by a stratagem, named him a member of their body. He went in fact to the Junta, accompanied by some of his followers, who killed several Frenchmen in the very house of meeting, which so terrified the members of the Junta, that the plot completely failed. Father Rico himself, the leader of the people, generally bold and fearless, confessed he was for a moment terrified; but that night he collected some of the inhabitants, and determined to crush Calvo and to put an end to the disorder. In the morning of the 7th, Rico presented himself to the Junta, where Calvo was, and making his followers guard all the doors, he reproached the Canon bitterly for his cruelty, and asked the Junta to punish him immediately. The Junta emboldened by this step, committed Calvo and his followers to prison. They were seized and disarmed without resistance, and, after being tried by the ordinary court of Valencia, were executed. From the above-mentioned *facts*, it follows, that Calvo's sovereignty was not of twelve days, but of less than forty hours; that he did *not* traverse the streets as the Colonel avers; that he threatened the Junta from the first moment of his revolt; that the members of the Junta never calmly beheld his violent acts—in truth, their lives were in too great danger to permit of calmness; that he took by surprise not only the Junta, but also the inhabitants, who, on the command of Rico, put an end to the riotings and murders, and delivered over the murderers themselves to the hands of insulted justice. The Colonel has certainly shown an ability at concentrating blunders, which places him in a very elevated rank amongst romantic historians.

It is curious to observe the authorities of the Colonel for his marvels;—in the margin, reference is made to the *Moniteur*, Ofarril, Azanza, and Nellerto. The *Moniteur*!—an especial authority on Spanish business! As to the other three, Ofarril and Azanza were Joseph's ministers from the beginning to the end of the war; and Nellerto is no

other than the assumed name of his chaplain Llorente. Did the Colonel know the nature or value of these authorities? or, knowing them, could he suppose, that men who wrote their works only to furnish an excuse for their treason, by calumniating the patriots, could be endurable authorities for any impartial historian?

Here we must pause for the present. Much, indeed, "remaineth for a second fyte." We shall assuredly resume our talk,—for we do not know that we can do a greater act of justice, than by thus carefully exposing the errors of a work which has been supposed hitherto to be as true as truth; but which, from various causes, is full of prejudice and inaccuracy—dangerous to the character of our history—dangerous to the fair repute of literature—and dangerous to the friendly feeling which Spain ought to nourish towards England!

*The Tuileries.* 3 vols.

*The Premier.* 3 vols.

London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

THESE works form no part of the series of STANDARD NOVELS announced in a former paper, but are the two latest novels of the season—things as different often as corn and chaff. We will never consent to give importance to works proportioned to the outlay in advertising them; and as we have latterly been obliged to defer the notice of many valuable books, we have had the less regret in leaving the minors to wait our leisure. The '*Tuileries*,' however, is a novel that deserves an early notice; and as our attention is directed to the subject, we may as well pass judgment on '*The Premier*,' and thus clear our conscience.

Though we are not in general favourable to the too prevalent fashion of increasing the interest of a novel by the introduction of living characters, or even of very recent events, we cannot but acknowledge, that in the '*Tuileries*,' it has been done with complete success. The author has laid the scene of her story in the most appalling and spirit-stirring period of modern history. The horrors of the first French revolution are portrayed with a vividness and distinctness that make us shudder; and over all there is thrown such a perfect air of *vraisemblance*, that we cannot help believing that the individual personages of the tale existed in reality. We feel that the enthusiastic, high-minded, and heroic Euphrosine is not more a creature of fiction than Robespierre, and almost rejoice, for the sake of human nature, that the demoniacal cruelties of the one are atoned for by the virtuous magnanimity of the other. Our limits prevent us from giving an analysis of the story, or supporting our high opinion of its merits by adequate quotation. We think it better to state our general admiration of the whole performance, than to attempt an outline which, to those who have read the work, would be meagre and unsatisfactory, and to those who have not, would give no just idea of the author's narrative powers. We may, however, state, that we were particularly pleased with the tact with which La Fayette is brought upon the scene. Of all the historical personages who make a prominent appearance in the tale, he is, we believe, the only survivor: he is painted by a powerful and impartial hand;

but, indeed, almost every character in the book is equally well supported; and it has one merit, which is a very uncommon one, that its heroines are quite as skilfully delineated as its heroes. Euphrosine and Flavia are equal to any female characters in the whole range of fiction, and the mercer's daughter of the Rue St. Honoré, will lose little in our estimation by a comparison even with the Rebecca of '*Ivanhoe*.'

'*The Premier*' is a novel of quite an inferior description. A boast is made in the preface, that the characters are none of them fictitious, and that only two of them are yet dead. We protest, in the first place, against this contemptible means of raising our curiosity; and in this particular instance we think there is an entire failure in giving anything like a reality to the portraits. We do not even find the easily-hit resemblance of caricature. We will not deny that the author, like the dog of Burns, proves himself "a gentleman and scholar"; but we perceive in his composition too pompous a display of his reading. He is blessed, evidently, either with a very good memory, or a very good library; but we scarcely think the pages of a novel the most proper place for the introduction of lumbering quotations from La Bruyère, or deep disquisitions from the Essays of Adam Smith. With the story we shall have nothing to do. It is evidently not the author's forte, and scarcely his aim: however political he aspires to be considered, he has a very slender genius for a plot. His character of Canning is, perhaps, well conceived; but, as a wit, his conversation, as represented in '*The Premier*,' is as dull as if he were the "Jack Humphreys" of a college: as a man of learning, an orator, a statesman, we have only the author's word for his uniting all these characters in himself; for, after perusing every sentence he is made to pronounce, we condemn him out of his own mouth, and find the gifted George Canning a very hum-drum commonplace individual. The author succeeds better in his satire: his Potts and John Julius Wilson possess, as Dr. Johnson says, enough of "vitality to preserve them from putrefaction"; but, on the whole, we are inclined to think the author would make a better figure at some less lively species of composition than a novel. He has little imagination, and (a fatal disqualification to success in fictitious composition,) he has very little power of arresting the attention. A yawn over an essay on the currency, or the increase of crime, may easily be excused without any bad compliment to the composer of the ponderous work; but to nod—to snore—over the fate of heroines like Louisa Ardent, and heroes like George Canning! The writer must turn his thoughts to political economy.

*The Orientalist; or, Letters of a Rabbi.* By James Noble. 1831. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd; London, Simpkin & Marshall.

MR. Noble has addressed these letters to a certain "Wilfred Waverley, Doctor of Laws, the great story-telling rabbi of the western world," whose disguise it is not very difficult to penetrate; and we think, as his work consists principally of the novels, tales, and romances of oriental Sir Walters, he has shown great judgment in his choice of a correspondent. His object seems to have



been to send them as contributions to a miscellany conducted by the aforesaid Wilfred, but of which, we regret that we have not seen even the prospectus, of which the author speaks. The magazine, however, seems to have gone no further, and, accordingly, this work makes its appearance in a separate form. The stories of the East have, of course, been familiar to all our readers, "even from their boyish days;" and we are convinced, though they will not perhaps look on Mr. Noble's collection with the same ardour of first love with which they doated on the 'Arabian Nights,' they will see such a resemblance to the enchantresses of their youth, as will insure it a very favourable reception. We trace here the same vigour of imagination, the same power of arresting the attention, the same intimacy with "creatures that seem not of the earth and yet are on it,"—and again we find ourselves pleading before cadis, and trembling at the frowns of infuriated magicians. Our old friends, too, come before us with only such changes in their circumstances and appearance, as give us the united pleasure of novelty and recognition. Aladdin changes his name to Abdallah—and, on going into the cave, discovers an iron candlestick with twelve branches, instead of the lamp of the original tale; on placing a light in the candlestick, a durwesh appears for each branch instead of a genii—and, after dancing for an hour, gives only an asper, or about three farthings. Abdallah resolves at last to restore the candlestick to the benevolent magician from whom his avarice has tempted him to keep it, and, on doing so, and being shown that the proper mode of treating the durweshes is, after their dancing, to strike them with a cane, on which they are converted into heaps of gold and diamonds, his regret at his stupidity in returning the candlestick, tempts him a second time to steal it from his benefactor; but, alas! he has not remarked a certain peculiarity about the cane, that it must be held in the left hand, and, on striking the durweshes with the right, they fall upon the unfortunate victim of avarice and cudgel him nearly to death. It struck us there was a more palpable design in the present tales than in their glorious predecessors; and we are told by Mr. Noble that "the Indian stories differ from the Arabian and Persian ones in this—that there is always some moral easily deducible from the narrative, and which serves as a focus, wherein is concentrated the power and brightness of the wisdom of the intelligent." In proof of this we shall quote the 'Avaricious Punished,' a Circassian story; and shall, if possible, return to Mr. Noble's interesting volume at some future time.

"Diarbec, lord of the fruitful plains that lie along the banks of the river Teflis, was descended from the most ancient family that inhabited the valleys. His house could boast of a longer series of uninterrupted beauties than any other in Circassia. He could reckon fourteen virgins of his own family who were all sold into the Seraglio of Ispahan, some of whom had actually possessed the heart of the mighty monarch of Persia. His ancestors had grown rich by the traffic of beauty, and had left him in possession of such numerous flocks and herds that they covered the neighbouring mountains.

"His riches, however, were not sufficient to satisfy his avarice. He was still desirous of increasing his acquisitions, and still laboured to

augment a fortune already greater than he could enjoy. He despised his fellow-mortals, and trusted only in his own extensive possessions; from them he expected pleasure in manhood, and comfort in old age. He took no pains to cultivate friendship, and felt more pleasure in the prostration of distant homages than in the warm embraces of affection blended with esteem.

"Notwithstanding his pride, he had one friend that esteemed and one daughter that loved him. His friend Arcadi was just, generous, and sincere. He had travelled in search of wisdom among the Brahmins, who propagate their sublime doctrines on the banks of the Ganges. He had also been initiated into the mysteries of those who adore the divinity under the symbol of fire. He knew the art of commanding armies, and of giving laws to men.

"Zamora, the daughter of Diarbec, surpassed all the maidens of Circassia in beauty. Her hair, that shone brighter than the gold of Hindoostan,—her features, that seemed to borrow innocence from the dove,—the blue lustre of her eyes,—and the faultless delicacy of her person,—all conspired to render her the most accomplished of all the daughters of the East.

"Diarbec seemed happy in the conversation of the one, and delighted with the innocent caresses of the other;—he loved them both, but he loved his riches better. He frequently assured his youthful friend, that if he could not sell his daughter to greater advantage, and with a prospect of her presiding in the seraglio of Persia, he should be preferred,—a declaration which Arcadi considered as an actual promise. He loved Zamora, and his merit excited the same passion in her. Everything seemed to be conformable to their wishes; and a few days would have completed their union, had not a caravan arrived from Ispahan to purchase beautiful women for the harems of Persia.

"The merchants, whom former correspondence had made acquainted with the family of Diarbec, repaired immediately to his house, and made their first applications to him. Though Diarbec had no great inclination to sell his daughter, yet he had a strong desire to know her value. He therefore carried the merchants to her apartments, in order to examine her merits and fix her price. The merchants, whom long custom had rendered dispassionate judges of beauty, were immediately struck with her appearance: they examined her with the prying eye of diffidence and distrust; they searched for faults, but could not help commending. Every motion, every attitude, and every feature, displayed the most beautiful grace, symmetry, and proportion; in short, they found her worthy to grace the seraglio of the Persian Sophi, and even to adorn the seat of the Eastern throne.

"Struck with the appearance of so much beauty and perfection, they pressed Diarbec to name her price, and it should be immediately paid; for the charms of Zamora were inestimable. An offer, so far above the most extravagant wish of his unbounded avarice, changed in a moment his former resolution; and, forgetting all the ties of parental affection, and the declarations of affected friendship, he determined to sell his daughter! but at the same time resolved to make so large a demand as would console him for her absence, and place him far above all the inhabitants of the Circassian valleys. Accordingly he asked with confidence a thousand sequins of gold; but asked it only to try what they would be content to offer. He was therefore astonished to find his demand accepted without the least hesitation or delay.

"The merchants having thus purchased the beautiful Zamora, took the lovely prize from her apartment, and placed her on a Persian camel. In vain she entreated the pity of her inexorable father; in vain she vowed to make her dear Arcadi happy. Deaf to her entreaties, and un-

moved at her tears, the merchants carried her from the house of her avaricious father. Her lover, who was soon informed of her misfortunes, flew to her father, his former friend,—painted in the most lively manner the calamities that would inevitably attend both him and his daughter, and implored redress. Diarbec heard his complaint with that happy indifference which sometimes supports the mind under the commission of the most atrocious crimes: he heard, pretended to pity, but failed to relieve.

"The caravan now set forward on its return to Persia; for Zamora alone seemed a prize sufficient to recompense their toilsome and expensive journey. Her unfortunate lover, who had built all his hopes of future happiness on the flattering idea of possessing the lovely daughter of Diarbec, determined to abandon a country where he could never hope for tranquillity or comfort. Accordingly, he sold his small possession in Circassia, and hired himself as a camel-driver to one of the merchants, resolving, in that disguise, to rescue the lovely Zamora, or perish in the attempt.

"In the meantime Diarbec triumphed in the late addition to his fortune. He reflected with delight that the expenses of his family were lessened by the absence of his daughter, and at the same time his funds increased by the prodigious sum he had received from the Persian merchants: he found, or at least fancied he had found, in his riches a sufficient recompense for the loss of his family and friends, and thanked Heaven for indulging him in a profusion of the only blessings he esteemed below. But this tranquillity did not continue long; an army of Tartars, numerous as the insects that sport in the noontide beam, came sweeping down from the mountains of Jarigorod, and covered the whole plains of Circassia like a flight of locusts wafted by the eastern breeze.

"Now the riches, the herds, the flocks of Diarbec, those fleeting treasures of fortune in which he gloried, became an easy prey to bands of lawless invaders; and his servants, who detested the avarice of their master, refusing to defend him; he was taken prisoner by enemies, whose hearts were, if possible, greater strangers to the feelings of humanity than his own. He was now, when too late, convinced that he wanted a friend to assist him in repelling the enemy; and that even the presence of his daughter would either have mitigated the fury of his foes, or have softened the severity of servitude. But it was in vain to wish for what was not to be found, or endeavour to recall the fleeting moments when he had sacrificed both of them to his unbounded avarice. He now beheld all his substance dispersed like the sands that fly before the winds on the plains of Bokhara, and himself sold to an Armenian shepherd, who employed him in tending his flocks at the foot of Mount Ararat, where his only portion were incessant toil and unsheltered distress.

"His mind, before a stranger to the softer passions of pity and commiseration, now began to acquire wisdom in the school of adversity: he now reflected on his former conduct, and the justice of his punishment. How often did he wish to behold once more his offended friend and injured daughter! He found no relief in reflecting that she might, perhaps, be enjoying the smiles of majesty, while he himself felt the cruel hand of an unrelenting master, and his hoary head bent beneath the weight of servitude. He was, however, forced to support a burden which could not be removed, and bear with misfortunes which could not be mitigated with complaints. But time itself could not reconcile a mind to slavery that had been nursed in the lap of unbounded liberty; he was, therefore, resolved to attempt an escape the first opportunity, though he well knew that his life must pay the forfeit of a discovery.

"Let us now follow the Circassian lovers, whom we left on their journey with the Persian caravan. Arcadi, who had disguised himself in the habit of a servant, and hired himself as a mule-driver in the caravan, attended the camel that carried the lovely Zamora with assiduity and silent distress. One night, when he was posted as sentinel to watch the caravan, he selected two Arabian coursers, fleetier than the wind, and placing Zamora on the one, and himself upon the other, left the Persian merchants buried in sleep; and, after two days, arrived safely at Reschid, a city which, though surrounded with mighty monarchies, claims a peculiar jurisdiction to itself.

"In this city his great abilities soon procured him both honour and esteem; he was raised from one post and employment to another, till at last he became chief governor and judge. In this high station his integrity and capacity gained him the favour of the great, while his humility and lenity rendered him the favourite of the poor. Twice every day he sat on the seat of justice, hearing complaints and redressing grievances; and few came before him that were not satisfied with the equity of his decisions.

"One day, as he was thus dispensing justice in public, a criminal was brought before him that seemed to have been long acquainted with famine and fatigue. The fetter had left on his leg the mark of slavery, and his hair being lately cut, evidently proved that he had fled from his master,—a crime always punished with death; and, accordingly, Arcadi was going to pronounce the fatal sentence, when the wretched prisoner, in an agony of despair, cried out,—'Allah is but one, and Mahomet is his prophet; I deserve to die, for I despised friendship, abused my parental authority, and preferred wealth and possessions, though more fleeting than the morning cloud, to domestic tranquillity. Were Arcadi or Zamora present, I could encounter afflictions with fortitude! Their forgiveness would smooth my passage to the grave. I could resign my life with pleasure in the arms of my faithful friend, and dearest daughter. O cursed ambition, wretched desire of wealth, to what a miserable state have you reduced the unfortunate Diarbec!"

"The judge heard this exclamation with rapture and surprise. He gazed with astonishment on the miserable prisoner, and beheld in his face the features of the once-opulent, the haughty Circassian, now clouded with sorrow, and rendered obscure by famine and fatigue. Descending immediately from his tribunal, he flew to his father, and embraced him with all the forgiving fondness of a faithful friend. Diarbec was lost in amazement at so unexpected a scene of happiness and joy; but how was he transported to hear that his lovely daughter was still happy and in his friend's possession! Even the pen of Dali, the delight of the heart, and rose of perfection, cannot fully describe the joy that filled the hearts of this once-ambitious Circassian and his beautiful daughter at so unexpected an event. Let it, therefore, suffice to say, that it can only be equalled in the bowers of Paradise,—the ever-during mansions of tranquillity and joy."

#### CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY, No. LXV.

*Journal of a Residence in Normandy.* By J. A. St. John, Esq. 1831. Edinburgh: Constable & Co.: London: Hurst, Chance, & Co.

NORMANDY has been so often and so fully described, and is so well known to most people, that we have been rather surprised to find Mr. St. John's work a pleasant one. Of course there is little novelty in it; but he presents many things in a new light; and catches, with great skill, the living spirit of the scene he describes. The fol-

lowing is a pen and ink sketch of a market-day at Caen:—

"These are held twice a week, on Monday and Friday, when the genuine Norman peasant, rough, rude, but cunning as the devil, may be seen in his true colours. The fruit-market and the fish-market, which flank the church of St. Pierre, one on each side, and form a kind of Billingsgate in miniature, are held every day; but the market *car' à cheval* occupies a large open space, called the Place St. Sauveur, near the Palace of Justice. Here one may observe the productions of Calvados of every kind, and study, perhaps to as much advantage as any where, the science of buying and selling. The first visit I paid this market was for the purpose of buying a load of wood, a business requiring considerable skill, as, like great wit and madness, the good and the bad seem to be divided by 'thin partitions,' and there is, of course, no relying upon the honesty of the sellers. After strolling about for some time, we observed a wagon loaded with elm, the best fire-wood, and demanded the price. There were three persons near the wagon, and of these, one replied, 'Fifty-five francs,' another 'Fifty-eight.' Here was a trait of Norman character. Both were determined to ask the foreigners a little too much, but one had more conscience than the other. The wood was scarcely worth forty francs. However, there was no necessity for dealing with these persons, as numerous carts and wagons, loaded with trunks of knarled oak, beech, and elm, were scattered about the market-place, with peasants in blue frocks, from the neighbourhood of Pont l'Évêque, Lisieux, and various parts of the Bocage, fierce-looking as banditti, lounging about them, watching for customers. As we passed to and fro, they crowded about us, teasing us to buy. Among them were the sworn measurers, with their instruments in their hands, and the wood-cutters, with axe and wedge, ready to commence operations.

"In other parts of the Place, the peasants were ranged in long lines, some with butter in the form of a sugar-loaf, wrapped up in clean white linen, and looking very nice; others with small white cheeses, about the size of a bun; others with fancy bread; others with fruit or vegetables. The country girls who attend this market have all the flush of fine rosy health upon their cheeks; but it must be acknowledged that very few of them are handsome. They have in general fine high foreheads, but their cheek-bones also are high, and there is a squareness in the form of the countenance, like that which distinguishes the Mongol race, which puts all ideas of beauty to flight." p. 48—50.

#### A christening scene:—

"It is here no joke to be christened; for the candidate for admission into the catholic church not only has cold water poured upon his bare head, and oil put upon his bosom, but, to complete his trials, has a quantity of salt put into his mouth, like an Arab receiving the rite of hospitality. The young cobbler, Matthieu-Emmanuel-Alphonse, made a desperately wry mouth at this part of the ceremony, but remained quiet during the rest of the service. He was one day old.

"No money is paid on these occasions; but as Matthieu-Emmanuel, &c. was a first child, a delicate fine white napkin was added to the box of *bonbons* usually presented to the priest. The Latin portion of the service, part of which, to their great edification, is repeated by the god-fathers and godmothers, is generally hurried over in a very slovenly manner; but, in conclusion, the priest addresses a discourse in French to the sponsors, &c. with somewhat more leisure and solemnity. The water is put into the font once a-year, after being consecrated, and is kept under lock and key." p. 42.

To any English family who may entertain thoughts of emigrating to France either for comfort or economy, we recommend the following for attentive consideration:—

"With respect to the propriety or rationality of emigrating to France, I can say but little, as most persons who take such a step have particular reasons for so doing, which do not admit of being set aside by any other considerations whatever. It is certain, however, that they who go to reside in France for purposes of economy, very quickly discover that they might have lived much more economically at home. There are very few things cheaper in France than in England, excepting wine and brandy; and, with the aid of these, a man may certainly kill himself for a trifle in that country. House-rent, as I have shown above, is far from being lower than in towns of equal size in England; and it is considerably higher, if we consider the quality of the house, and of the furniture which is put into it when it is called furnished. If persons ever save anything in France, it is by rigidly denying themselves all those pleasures and comforts which they were accustomed to enjoy in their own country; but this they might do at home, with far less trouble, and a much less painful sacrifice, only removing to a little distance from the scene of their prosperity.

"Indeed, there are not, I imagine, in the whole world, persons more to be pitied than English economizers on the Continent. Cut off from all old associations, they become restless, dissatisfied, unhappy. They are seldom sufficiently numerous in any place, to allow of each person among them finding society exactly according to his taste; and, whatever they may pretend to the contrary, they never thoroughly enjoy the society of the natives. Reduced to the mere animal gratifications, they eat, drink, sleep, and creep on in discontent and obscurity to their graves. Some of them, it is true, enjoy that sort of excitement which gambling furnishes, and which people without brains mistake for pleasure; but these persons are quickly reduced to a state more wretched than that of the mere eating and drinking emigrants, and generally end by furnishing prematurely a *subject* to the French demonstrators of anatomy." 255—6.

Other painful consequences are shown in other parts of the volume. It is idle to ridicule the feelings that give rise to such scenes as the following—men do not alter their nature by changing their residence. Englishmen have a horror of dissection, and they will carry the feeling with them, go where they may:—

"Many of the English, who have the misfortune to lose friends in France, being aware of the small respect in which the grave is held there, contrive to have their remains conveyed over to their own country; and the methods to which they have recourse are various. A lady, whose child died at Caen, caused the body to be packed up as plate, got it passed, I know not how, through the custom-house, and put on board the steam-packet for England. She herself sat by it upon deck all the way over, suppressing her tears, lest the sailors should suspect the truth, and, in their superstitious terror of a corpse, throw her treasure overboard. An English gentleman, whose friend died last year in Normandy, buried a quantity of stone in a coffin, in order, apparently to comply with the law, but had the body embalmed, and put into a chest, in which it lay for several months, in a merchant's cellar, before an opportunity of shipping it for England occurred." p. 117.

## ALDINE POETS, No. X.

*The Poems of Henry Howard Earl of Surrey.*  
London, 1831. Pickering.

A VERY fair estimate of the state of poetical feeling among us, during the last century, may be formed by merely looking over the names of the poets whose works were considered worthy of a place in that ostentatious collection, for which Dr. Johnson wrote his lives. What a herd of mere versifiers! what a company of "dealers in small wares," imitators of imitators, whose lines if they did but fill up so many pages of foolscap, and returned the given number of syllables, were considered worthy of being enshrined in pages, where nought but "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," ought ever to find a place. "A complete collection of the works of the English poets"! Where is Marlowe with his far-glancing thoughts and profound imaginings? where is Spenser, with all his gorgeous pageantry and *faërie* wonders? where Herrick, the honey-bee of the Muses, who sipped the May-dew, and banqueted on violets? and the elder masters of song, Chaucer and Gower? and the English troubadours—that illustrious band—James of Scotland, Surrey, Wyatt, Sydney, who sung for the love of song, and that high guerdon, the smiles of their ladye loves, in the halls and bowers of royalty? No, all these were shoved from their pedestals in the temple of fame, to make room for that "mob of gentlemen," who wrote, not "with ease," but with great and exceeding labour, half-a-dozen stanzas in half-a-dozen years, and who are well characterized by Swift, as "pretty fellows who wrote decently pretty verses."

We congratulate the public that such times have passed by, and that a far healthier taste has sprung up among us; that those who set about editing the works of the English poets dream not, in the present day, of leaving out all those who are most truly English; and we are happy to find, by the appearance of the present volume, and the announcement of the next, that these "morning stars in our intellectual horizon" will take their place in the Aldine Edition of the Poets.

The poems of Lord Surrey, which occupy the present volume, attained a remarkable degree of popularity at the time of their first publication. From the very full and carefully-written life prefixed, we learn that they went through no fewer than eleven editions, between the years 1557 and 1587, while detached portions, in the form of single sheets and garlands, were during the same period printed almost daily. And well did the unfortunate Surrey deserve this fame; for most pleasant and graceful, and most delicate and moral, are all his poems. His style is remarkably flowing, and in the case of his phraseology, and in its peculiar tenderness, he forms a very favourable specimen of this class of poets. His imagery too is natural and appropriate, and if not so abundant, so overflowing, as that of some other of our earlier poets, it is yet prodigality itself, compared with that which decks, at wide and desolate intervals, the laboriously-polished numbers of the verse-writers of Queen Anne's days.

In nothing perhaps are our earlier poets more distinguished than by their rich abundance of imagery. In the school which Addison praised, and his red-stockinged critics

approved, poetical images appear marshalled, 'in order duc,' like stiff-skirted beaux and full-hooped belles, sailing at respectful distances through the mazes of a court minuet, cold, formal, and correct:—the figures of our earlier poets came crowding in, like a legion of young and rosy wood-nymphs at barley-break. The poetry of the "mob of gentlemen," is the lady-like embroidery of some twenty years ago, where in the midst of an ell of satin, a rosebud with two leaves and a half, three blue bells, a jonquil, and a heartsease, formally tied together with a purple ribbon, spread out their faint and scattered beauties: while the poetry of the 16th century is a rich sunny bank, where "flowers of all hues" spring up in wild and profuse luxuriance, and where the half-hidden violet peeps forth, and the bright crowsfoot rears its elastic head, from beneath the taller plants and loftier overhanging blossoms. O! that early day—that bright morning of our poetry! when the rich fountain of our native Castaly poured forth so copiously its clear and sparkling waters—that early day, when men spoke and wrote out of the overflowing abundance of hearts that claimed fellowship with every breathing thing, and hailed with deep and delighted wonder the very meanest of the works of God! There are no laboured attempts to be pathetic, no violent exertions to be sublime, no trick of stale authorship dressing up a threadbare idea in the flashy tinsel of some high-sounding epithet, in the works of these our early poets. It would hardly be permitted to us to quote from a merely reprinted work, or else we would insert several passages from these poems, in proof of the beautiful simplicity, which characterizes the poetry of this period. What a vivid picture does Surrey paint of the "large green courts" of "proud Windsor," and the ever varying, ever pleasant round of his youthful amusements! With what truth and nature does he describe the anxieties of her, whose lover is

In ship, freight with remembrance  
Of thoughts and pleasures past!

How spirited and graceful is that song, "Give place, ye lovers here before;" and what bright condensation of imagery is there in his "description of the restless state of the lover"! It would be difficult to find in any poem in our language, versification more flowing, and style more condensed. Would it be possible to abridge the following lines even by a single syllable?—

And thus all things have comforting  
In that, that doth them comfort bring;  
Save I, alas! whom neither sun  
Nor ought that God hath wrought and done  
May comfort aught; as though I were  
A thing not made for comfort here.  
For being absent from your sight,  
Which are my joy and whole delight,  
My comfort, and my pleasure too,  
How can I joy! how should I do?  
May sick men laugh that roar for pain?  
Joy they in song, that do complain?  
Are martyrs in their torments glad?  
Do pleasures please them that are mad?  
Then how may I in comfort be,  
That lack the thing should comfort me?

We could say much on this subject, and shall resume it probably at no distant time; for, pleasant as to watch the unfolding of the buds of spring, or to hail the freshness and the glory of a cloudless morning, is the task of tracing the bright course of our early poetry. There are many high and lofty minds that belong to that era, many a towering spirit that soared up to the "heaven of heavens of

invention," but among these we do not claim a place for Lord Surrey. He was not the eagle "sailing with supreme dominion," but the sweet and blithe singing-bird, the gay herald of spring, who, when the winter was over and gone, and the clouds were fled, and the young sun peeped out above the mountain tops with pleasant light, came forth in the spring tide, not to hymn a proud prean to the "giver of glowing light," but to carol his sweet lays to the freshly budding-trees and the young laughing flowers. Alas! that the blithe singing-bird should have been caged ere half his glad songs were sung!—Alas! that the voice which poured forth such pleasant melody should have been hushed timelessly by the rude hand of violence! Truly, a fitting climax to a reign marked by such atrocities of murder and rapine, was the sentence that doomed this young and noble poet to death; and, while the patriot must execrate the memory of that brutal despot who spared not the white tresses of the last daughter of the Plantagenets, and who doomed the meek head of Fisher and the lofty brow of More to the block—more deep, more bitter will be the feelings of the poet towards the memory of Henry, whose last act was the sentencing the young, the noble, the gallant, the gifted Surrey, to a dishonoured grave.

*Narrative of a Journey across the Balcan, by the Two Passes of Selimno and Pravad; also of a Visit to Azani, and other newly-discovered Ruins in Asia Minor, in the Years 1829-30.* By Major the Hon. George Keppel, F.S.A. 2 vols. 8vo.

[Second Notice.]

WE were so cabined up last week, that our critical opinion of these pleasant volumes seemed to stifle our commendation. It is a work that contains much more than the title-page led us to expect, and better entertainment than we had anticipated from the table of contents. We have experience enough to know, that when all things are recorded in their due order and relative proportion in volumes of travels, there is usually more of manufacture than of living interest about them: now, in this instance, the table of contents is very perfect—a sort of elaborate mosaic, in which you trace as on a map all that the work ought to contain, and in its exact proportion—but on turning to the work itself, we found that Major Keppel appears in his narrative, that his feelings have their natural influence, and give importance to many pleasant incidents and circumstances, brought vividly before the reader, but which, in the *ricicimenti* we so often have to wade through, are necessarily omitted, and make such works as tedious and dull as a volume of the Cabinet Cyclopædia.

In our last notice, we gave a full-length portrait of the celebrated General Diebitsch; and in answer to the important question—why the conqueror did not advance on Constantinople—Major Keppel well explains the position he was in, and the probable motives that influenced him—bad supplies—the ravages that the plague was making among the troops—the fact, that the Grand

\* "The loss of the Russians in this campaign of 1829, from sickness alone, may be fairly rated at between 80 and 90,000 men: the Russian officers confess to 70,000. At Varna, the surgeon's list of deaths, between the 1st of January and the 17th of November, 1829, amounted to 12,666; a plague had broken out there, differing



Vizier, with the garrison of Shumla, and the Pasha of Scutari, and the Pasha of Servia, with large bodies of troops, were in his rear—the English fleet in the Archipelago—and the representations of the other European powers:—

"This latter," says Major Keppel, "was probably the principal cause; but if we examine the conduct of the Russian cabinet, we shall find, that its policy has ever been to make the attacked country pay, as long as it is able, the expenses of the war, and to impose such terms upon the invaded as they shall be unable to fulfil, and by that means afford a pretext to renew hostilities at pleasure. They did so with respect to the Crimea, of which they afterwards became the masters; and the impossible conditions of the treaty of Adrianople have paved the way to a similar line of policy towards Turkey. \* \* \*

"From the conduct of the Russians at Adrianople, it is very evident that, although their present visit has been a short one, they certainly intend to make a more permanent stay when they shall next honour this country with their company. How else should they have so far constrained themselves, as to forego those habits of violence and rapine which have made them a by-word with civilized Europe, and appear in the novel character of quiet, orderly, and honest troops?"

"The strictest discipline prevailed throughout the army. Between Enos and Adrianople, and in the neighbourhood of several large bodies of troops, the plains were full of flocks of sheep and cattle, principally buffaloes: in the villages near the bivouacs, and even in those through which the troops were marching, the doors of the houses were standing open, the inhabitants were at their usual occupations, and quantities of all sorts of poultry were running about. The time I speak of is the month of October, and this description is not quite applicable to some other parts of the country through which our route lay.

"On their arrival at Adrianople, the utmost regard was paid to the persons and property of the inhabitants. \* \* \* They paid scrupulously for whatever they procured; they were encamped outside the town; and even as late as November, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, the troops were not billeted on the inhabitants; guards were placed on the mosques, on the plea of defending them from insult; and the few Turkish children Count Diebitch found doing duty as troops, he disarmed, and very properly sent home to their mothers.

"This conduct had its due effect on every class of inhabitants." i. 217—219.

Major Keppel is indeed of opinion, that even the Mahometans looked on the Russians as deliverers—the destruction of the Janizaries shook the blind faith, and crushed the proud spirit, of the subjects of the Ottoman; and the people now argue, as any "dog of a christian" might be supposed to do—"If we are to have an infidel for a king, let him at least be one who will pay some regard to our lives and property." That part of Major Keppel's narrative, where he is speaking of Adrianople, deserves great attention; indeed, all that relates to the trade, revenue, and civil policy, has been gathered together with great care, and contains much of valuable information.

His account of the Bulgarian peasantry is extremely interesting, and a fine idea is

given of a happy agricultural people—we are not quite sure that steam-engines and spinning-jennies could do much more for them:—

"Throughout this journey, we have been exceedingly struck with the condition of the Bulgarian peasantry. They appeared very comfortable: their cottages, both inside and out, are remarkably clean; they are well dressed, and the ornaments of the women bespeak them in easy circumstances.

"The Bulgarians are a fine, healthy-looking race, and very industrious in their habits: they cultivate the land, tend their flocks, rear cattle for sale, carry to market butter, cheese, and poultry, and cut wood in the forest, to dispose of it in the larger towns. At Adrianople and Philipopolis, they are occupied in several works of handicraft.

"Generally speaking, the Bulgarians are proprietors of the land they cultivate. They lay out a portion of their grounds in flower-gardens, vineyards, and corn-fields; the remainder they devote to pasture. Their live stock consists of buffaloes, white and black sheep, goats, turkeys, and fowls. Almost every peasant has his own arabah. The Bulgarians' houses, which are of wood and clay, are built by themselves. The larger a Bulgarian's family is, the better he is off, as labour can be found for all.

"From choice, they are no great consumers of animal food. In October they generally kill a cow, but this is considered rather as a luxury. Their made dishes are exceedingly good, as I can testify, particularly a certain sausage called *souchook*, and some *cabaubs* made of fine herbs. Their ordinary articles of food are cheese, *yaourt* (curds), eggs, and a salad, which they make of cucumbers, capsicums, onions, and garlic. During their fasts, they subsist almost entirely on beans and olives.

"Their usual beverage is water, but they are all drinkers of wine, and seldom get drunk, except on the feast-days of their saints, and especially of their generous patron, Nicolas.

"The dress of the cottager is made at home. The principal material is the cloth woven from the wool of the black sheep common to the country. The women and children spin and weave it, sending it to the water-mills to be smoothed.

"Of this cloth they make a jacket, which covers the thighs: it is handsomely embroidered by the women with black braid; the waistcoat, called *soukar*, is also fancifully worked. The lower dress consists of the *poctoer* (breeches), which is very large and full to the knee, and fits tight round the leg to the ankle: they wear woollen socks both in summer and winter; the shoe is like the Italian sandal. Their shirts are of cotton, the cloth of which is made by the women, who adorn the sleeves and collars with patterns worked in worsted of various colours. The head covering of every peasant is a cylindrical-shaped cap of black sheep-skin.

"The women's dress is simple, but picturesque; it varies a little in different parts of the Balkan: some wear a cylindrical-shaped bonnet of a harlequin pattern, over which they put a handkerchief, and tie it under the chin. The gown is black, with a broad border, on which are sewn three pieces of stuff of different colours. The sash round the waist is broad, prettily worked, and very becoming. They stick numerous coins in their hair, wear large rings in their ears, and a profusion of them on their fingers: their wrists are adorned with bracelets of glass, and occasionally of massive silver, like those cut in lava at Naples.

"The Bulgarian marries very young, the wives being from twelve to thirteen years of age. In the villages, the Bulgarian couples pass their lives very amicably together; but in the larger towns, such as Adrianople, they divorce on the slightest pretence; and I must be excused for

saying, that it is by the ladies these divorcees are generally desired. They very often occur six weeks after marriage. A short time before we came to Adrianople, a very pretty young woman had offered her services to Mrs. Duveluz. She said that she had been just married to a man who had promised her a *ferijee* (a sort of loose cloak); but, added she, 'he is a poor wretch, and cannot perform his promise; so I shall get divorced, as I can gain nothing by remaining longer with him.' i. 309—13.

We collect from many incidents, that travelling in Bulgaria is not quite so pleasant as in Kent or Sussex, and the following will perhaps equally satisfy our readers:—

"At four o'clock we came to a valley, in which lies the village of Derbent.

"The town derives its name from its situation, at the entrance of a mountain gorge, through which the road to Shumla passes. The word *derbent*, as I said before, means literally 'closed door'; and literally was its signification fulfilled in our case; for we had no sooner made our appearance, than we saw, through the crevices of the enclosures, the respective women of the different houses shuffle down to barricade their doors against us. In vain we pleaded our cause as way-worn travellers; they were obdurate to our entreaties, and answered each supplication for admittance by the Turkish negative of *yok*, which we heard pronounced in every note of the female gamut.

"The sun was fast setting, the horses were too tired to proceed, we were without food, a bitter sharp frost was setting in, and a bivouac in the mountain at this inclement season stared us in the face. We had already given up, in despair, all hopes of a night's lodging, when a miller, at the outskirts of the town, took compassion on us, and great was our satisfaction in sleeping under the shelter of a roof.

"The reception we met with at Derbent must not be urged against Turkish hospitality: it may serve as an exception to a general rule. The truth is, that this district is proverbial amongst the Turks as containing a fierce, savage, and inhospitable race.

"A few years ago, Mustapha was travelling in company with some other Turks, and arrived one wretched evening at a neighbouring village called Carapounhar. They solicited hospitality, and were answered by a shot from a gun. When it was dark, the travellers found an unoccupied house, belonging to those who had refused them admittance; into this they crept, and remained in it till an hour before daylight; they then remounted their horses, but first set fire to the place of their night's lodging, and burned it to the ground." i. 315—17.

Another proof follows, on their arrival at Shumla:—

"We wandered about the town almost in despair. Khan after khan was visited: at every gate a sentinel was placed, and at every one were we denied admittance. After a long search, we discovered, in the market-place, a wretched khan, that had been set aside for merchants. We were lodged in the lower range of rooms, in the court-yard, on the slope of an inclined plane. Our apartment was eight feet square, by six high. It was situated below the level of the ground, and was so damp as to be almost in a muddy state: a mat, completely rotten, from the moisture of the earth, was our only protection from its humid influence. A few wooden bars served for a window-frame, and there were no shutters; the door was full of holes, and did not meet its posts by several inches; there was no fire-place whatever; the day was as wretched and raw as the month of November could make it, for though the air was extremely damp, it was bitterly keen,—the forerunner of the heavy snow which we shortly

from the common disorder so called in the East, but still a decided plague. Twelve general officers had died on this side the Balkan, and seven of them within the space of three weeks." L. 245-46.

afterwards experienced. Mustapha, the surjee, and myself, were exceedingly unwell, and so completely knocked up with illness, that we could not have proceeded, even if our horses had been competent to the journey.

"With such sorry entertainment for man, the poor beasts could not expect to be very well off; and our surjee brought us the unpleasant intelligence, that it would be impossible to procure corn for our horses." i. 324—326.

We have as yet only reaped the harvest of the first volume, and shall therefore return to the work—in the meantime, we recommend it to the public, as one abounding in entertainment and information.

*Lord Byron; with Remarks on his Genius and Character.* By E. Bagnall, B.A. Oxford, 1831. Talboys.

It is unkind in Mr. Bagnall to perplex his readers with so many claims to their admiration: if he had only endeavoured to astonish them as a poet, they might have shaded their eyes as much as possible from the overwhelming brilliancy, and turned for refreshment to some less luminous point of his character. But, alas! no green spot of insipidity presents itself as a safe object of observation—all throughout his volume "is glitter and glow." His metaphysics are still more astounding than his poetry, his language than his metaphysics, and his modesty than his language! His introductory observations on the character and genius of Lord Byron must be frequently read in order to be understood; and, even after manifold perusals and re-perusals, we fear they will remain perfectly unintelligible to an intellect less gigantic than his own. We can conceive no situation more proud and intoxicating to the vanity of a youthful author, than thus, at one step, to have placed himself totally out of the reach of ordinary understandings—to have excelled, in his mother tongue, the darkness and obscurity of Pindar—and to have rolled the clouds of grandeur and unintelligibility over nouns and adjectives "familiar in our mouths as household words." After a page or two, we wonder, on closing the book, in what language it is written; we have a dim consciousness of having met with some of the individual words before, but as to the sentences, our ingenuity is baffled in attempting to recall them. We look at the type—we see it is good and distinct type as ever came from the press of Talboys himself, and on being convinced that the language is absolutely meant for English, we say "the hands, indeed, are the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of"—Chrononhotonthologos.

In the following passage, which we have studied attentively, we believe the author aims at characterizing the subject of his observations; he also makes a remark about minute guns and Mr. Moore, and shows, towards the conclusion, a magnanimous preference of the public to a personage in whom Mr. Murray is darkly typified under the title of a printer:—

"The love of praise, which seems to dwell but in the chosen breast, vivified the dormant sparks of his genius, and a confident reliance on the powers with which he was gifted, ensured him that daring independence of mind, which is requisite for the performance of mighty achievements. As fame was the God of his glory, he was jealous of the world's opinion; and an emulation to excel, and an anxiety to be thought

worthy of excellence seemed inseparable from his nature. His every feeling, moreover, was strong, and the force of his passions was fully equal to his desires; and if the sources of his intellect seemed unbounded, he had an imagination that could easily work up all the materials they contained, and a fancy to explore undiscovered regions. Such were the primitive energies that would have made

A goodly frame of glorious elements,  
Had they been wisely mingled—

and yet, notwithstanding so rare a combination of natural endowment, Lord Byron fell into errors so great, and a course of action at one time so extravagant, that in any other individual would have obscured the brilliancy of such transcendent genius. To reconcile this apparent inconsistency, and to show that the workings of mind and passion are unalterably the same at all times and in all individuals (if outward circumstances be the same), has been the object of many. It would ill become me to say that they have hitherto failed, but I may express myself unsatisfied with the result of their labours. The springs of action in Lord Byron proceeded from a closer union with natural disposition than has been imagined, and many circumstances which have invariably been named as causing or giving rise to numerous peculiarities, were simply influential in directing his idiosyncrasy, or the fire as it were, applied to his minute guns, which were ever charged with ample ammunition.† Of all who have attempted the biography of Byron, Mr. Moore alone has traced back effects to causes happily; and it is greatly to be lamented, that the work with which he has lately adorned our literature (owing to its price and bulk), cannot be 'read, marked, and learned,' by all who take an interest in the memory of men of genius. Were an analysis of the 'Notices' (with notices equally philosophical annexed), presented to the public, it might, indeed, injure the printer of the work, but it would benefit society; and I assume the right of stating this my opinion, because, whatever concerns man should concern us all, and because I hold the public advantage more sacred than individual emolument." p. vi-vii.

Mr. Bagnall takes a hasty glance over the causes from which Lord Byron's faults and mistakes perchance originated, and becomes oracular as follows:—"The principal ones appear to me to have been the over impetuous and too violent strength of passions implanted in him by nature—the additional impulse given to his propensities by the waywardness and hasty temper of his mother—the innate principles of the mind not being regarded in his education, &c.; but I cannot conceive how much evil could arise from 'the unjust censure of reviewers'—his 'luckless loves'—his unrequited friendships, &c.; and a variety of other lively (?) excuses which have so frequently been made to account for his extravagances."

"Such contingences certainly might affect a man of ordinary capacity or prosaic character; but over the temperament and genius of Byron, they must have been attended but with passing consequences, as little permanent as is the flying on the skin of a race-horse. As the ocean, when roused, can arise and shake from its bosom whatever wrecks may discompose its loveliness; so Byron, if ever he wished to free himself from the effects of transitory misfortune, could as easily summon the waves of his overpowering spirit, to dash away all petty hindrances to the wondrous workings of his passions. Not so playfully, however, could he deal with the

† It is a fact, though not generally known, that the ground-work of Byron's celebrated Satire was laid before the appearance of the venomous article in the *Edinburgh Review*."

circumstances first mentioned as causing disquietude and mischief. They were immingled with his nature; they went down to the very root of feeling, they poisoned its sources, they embittered its overflowing." p. viii.

Playful hurricanes! Sources and overflows of a root! But the most astounding passage in his performance is the peroration:

"How ought we, or how can we, then refuse the pretensions of him, the gleams of whose virtue were not the 'wild meteors of Fancy,' but the scintillations of a warm-hearted benevolence; and the aim of whose existence was not the exposition of childish quibbles, but the filling up of a chasm in the poetical literature of his country, and annihilating the prevailing mechanism of verse, by a bold, though unchastened use of an universal intellect? On no principles of unadulterated justice can the wreath of praise be denied; though, indeed, it will be wetted with the tears of regretful sorrow. Envy may glance her look, ambition may feign to slight, jealousy may wrangle, or hatred frown, yet the sympathies of feeling hearts will be extended to the Bard, whose genius, though denied the little charms of spring, and the sleeping fragrance of summer, possessed all the majesty and fine horror of winter, and bade sentiments of awe both to tremble and adore." p. xviii.

And why is autumn left out? the metaphor ought to have run through all the seasons. Let us pass on to the poem.

Here we find the same astonishing sublimity united to the same wonderful acumen. Nature in vain holds her veil over her bashful face, and tells her young admirer not to be rude,—one manly hand snatches off veil and bonnet, exposing every feature of her countenance, while the other is thrown round her "gaudy middle" and draws her closely to his heart, in spite of all her struggles and exclamations for the new police. Stanza after stanza comes on, with eight lines in each of them, many very curious words, and generally an Alexandrine. Simile comes after simile, "thick as pease," and nearly as like each other; and yet at the end of the poem no man can at all comprehend what the stanzas, the Alexandrines, and the similes are about. The name of Byron is occasionally mentioned, and Mr. Bagnall very frequently referred to, so that, on the whole, we are puzzled to determine who is in fact the hero of the book. The following stanzas seem to be of and concerning both:—

I know not why, but yet there is a charm  
That centres in the sound of Byron's name,  
And bids the current of my blood run warm,  
As shoots the lightning of his mighty fame;  
My every purpose can the spell disarm,  
And at its pleasure all sensation claim,  
Stamping intensity of interest, fraught  
With all the siren influence that his pen hath wrought.  
Yes! for the bard, electric from my soul  
My bursting thoughts' imaginings were born,  
Teeming with wild idolatries, that stole  
Returning prayers on every coming morn,  
To quaff deep draughts of his impassioned bowl,  
Nerving my youth to slight the sneer of scorn  
Rather than check the thirst that burn'd anew,  
As winged words of poetry from his bright fancy flew.  
Then how should I forget! when every day  
Adds fever to the heat that swells my veins,  
Nought suffering of languor or decay;  
When all the cheering sweets and bitter'd pains  
Of roused excitement animated play,  
And still expand the bud, whose germ contains  
The dazzling hopes of future, lur'd to gem,  
With borrowed brightness, scenes that else might overwhelm.

And though perchance no instant burst of praise,  
Like flattery's honied words betray'd my joy,  
When rapt in admiration—his wild lays  
My heart, my head, my every sense employ,  
Yet have I felt; and ecstasy might raise  
No seraph's wonder greater, nor destroy  
The radiance of hope his accents gave—  
My beacon 'mid man's frowns, a lamp of light to save.



This specimen, we think, will be enough. We must in conclusion recommend Mr. Bagnall to forswear the Muses' hill—*Non di, non homines, non concessere columnæ*, even *mediocribus esse poetis*—and what would men, gods, and columns, say to a person so infinitely below mediocrity as he? We advise him to keep his 'David, a Sacred Drama,' with which we are threatened in an advertisement, in the sanctity of manuscript, for though by so doing "it might indeed injure the printer of the work, it would benefit society,—and we assume the right of stating this our opinion, because, whatever concerns man should concern us all, and because we hold

the public advantage more sacred than individual emolument."

*A Memoir of the Life of Robert Henley, Earl of Northington, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.* By the Right Hon. Robert Lord Henley, his Grandson. Post 8vo. London, 1831. Murray.

Robert Henley, Earl of Northington, was a man of as little "mark and likelihood" as any that has risen to the high and distinguished honour of Lord Chancellor. Though a good lawyer and a consistent politician, he was neither distinguished as a judge or a statesman; and little is known of him beyond

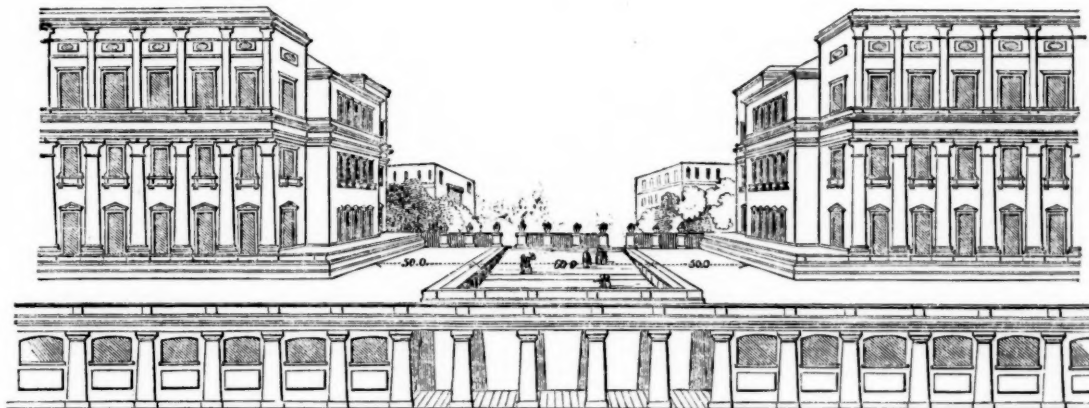
occasional and incidental mention by his contemporaries. But to have so risen, without political pliancy, subserviency, or family interest, is a proof of some merit; and a modest and unpretending memoir of such a man is a becoming thing on the part of his grandson. We did not anticipate that such a work would have any general interest; but we must presume that Lord Henley has few family papers, for the present Memoir is certainly not only very brief, but unusually naked of all pleasant incident and anecdote; and more than one half of the small volume is a record of the Chancellor's judgments.

## PLAN OF THE PROPOSED ENTRANCE TO ST. JAMES'S PARK

FROM WATERLOO PLACE,

*Now making by Order of His Majesty.*

THE Plan of the New Streets, and the handsome Elevation of the New Buildings at CHURING CROSS, with which we were enabled, in a former Number, to gratify the Public, were received with such general commendation, that we shall henceforth exert ourselves to give similar Views of all Projected Works of equal importance; and we have great pleasure in being enabled this week to present our Subscribers with a North and South View, the one as it will appear from the Park, and the other from Regent Street, of the ENTRANCE FROM WATERLOO PLACE INTO ST. JAMES'S PARK, which His Majesty has so graciously commanded to be made for the convenience of the Public, and the contract for the works of which has been entered into.—The Plans will explain themselves to our Readers at a glance.



VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE FROM THE PARK.



ENTRANCE FROM WATERLOO PLACE.

*The Englishman's Magazine.* No. 1. April. London, 1831. Hurst, Chance & Co.

WE trust we shall hereafter be heart and hand with this New Magazine. Four sheets have been sent us, and give good promise that the work will be worthy its proud title. There is no shuffling compromise between principles and interest—no trucking—no double dealing and equivocating: it seems born in the year of reform ONE, as the French would say—to be worthy of the era, and fairly to represent the liberal spirit of the age. We are cautious of praise, and therefore only speak of the promise of these four sheets;—next week we shall have the whole before us; but the article on 'England and the United States' is written in a spirit becoming an Englishman, and a lover of genius and of liberty, home or foreign. The mere literary character of the first number is, to us, of much less importance than its moral and political. There is talent enough in other Magazines, but they have all (if we except the *New Monthly*, which has little character left), a strange political bias, and are opposed to the better feelings of the great majority of the people. We rejoice, however, that in the few sheets we have seen of this forthcoming Number, there are some very clever papers—but of these hereafter. Each Number, it appears, is to be accompanied by an engraving illustrative of Byron, Eustace, and Forsyth, and the series to be called 'Italia Depicta,' a work that will interest so long as memory remains, and beauty is the idol that imagination worships. But Mr. Editor, we advise you at once to knock on the head the gracious gentleman that writes the superfine nonsense descriptive of the plates. We feel for you—we well know that it is next to impossible to get a critic fairly equal to the subject of art: no sooner does a writer touch on it, than he foregoes common sense and babbles like a waiting-gentlewoman. Except upon occasion, we have not been more fortunate in this way than others;—but, when the more important parts of the machinery of this paper are working to our entire satisfaction, we shall, perhaps, take the business into our own hands—and then, let the traders look to it. We shall say to nineteen-twentieths of the R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s, as others do to other offenders on their trial, "God send you a good deliverance!" But enough of this for a hasty notice—and, we conclude with best wishes that the *Englishman* may prove worthy of his promise, and shall grace our pages by extracting—

*The Autocrat's Prayer.†*

Europe! hear the voice that rose  
From the chief of Freedom's foes—  
When he bade war's thunders roll  
O'er the country of the Polo—  
To his Cossacks on parade  
Thus the Calmuck robber said:  
"Mine the might, and mine the right,  
Stir ye, spur ye to the fight—  
Bare the blade and strike the blow  
To the heart's core of the foe—  
Slaughter all the rebel bands  
Found with weapons in their hands;  
On! the holy work of fate  
Russia's God will consecrate!"

"Tis decreed that they shall bleed  
For their dark and trait'rous deed:  
Poles! to us by conquest given!  
Ye provoke the wrath of Heaven;  
Therefore purging sword and shot  
Use we must, and spare you not:  
Guardian of our northern faith,  
Guide us to the field of death!"

"Ere we're done, many a one  
Shall weep they ever saw the sun.  
Rouse the noble in his hall  
To a fiery festival—  
Dash the stubborn peasant's mirth—  
Drown in blood his alien hearth—  
Babe, or mother, never falter—  
Spear the priest before the altar:—  
Onward and avenge our wrong!—  
God is good and Russia strong."

† Vide the blasphemous Manifesto of Nicholas I. in January last.

*Advice to Trustees, and to those who appoint to that Office.* By Harding Grant. London: Maxwell.

THIS is a work which, in a plain manner, points out to a very numerous class of persons, namely, all who are interested in trust property, their rights and liabilities, and furnishes some very useful information upon the subject on which it treats. The author professes in his preface to have intended his treatise more particularly for the unprofessional public, and therefore to have adopted a more familiar style than is usual in works purely professional. In this attempt he has not been unsuccessful, but has certainly given some very excellent advice, and many useful hints, to assist the judgment and guide the conduct of those who appoint to and accept the responsible and important office of trustees. The larger and more technical works of Sir George Hampson and Mr. Willis appear to have been usefully consulted by the author; but he has prudently foreborne going into the more abstruse learning of the subject, or entering upon the discussion of such difficult questions as are alone fit for the consideration of professional advisers. The chapters upon the choice and appointment of trustees, and on the acceptance of trusts, are prepared with great care and ability, and may be particularly recommended to the attention of unprofessional readers.

*Agape, or the Sacred Love Pledge.* London, 1831. Simpkin & Marshall.

WE are somewhat puzzled to make out the object of this compilation. It seems to be only a new version of the labours of Cruden and other concordance-writers, as it consists entirely, without one sentence of comment or connection, of quotations from the Bible. There are, however, no references given to the passages, by which we may find the context.—but all are huddled together,—scraps from the Old Testament and the New, with only the slight connecting link of a word common to each. Thus, in the section headed "Divine light in the soul," we find all the passages in which light or any of its auxiliaries, derivatives, or compounds, happen to be mentioned. From these are not exempted the figurative "lamps" and "candles" introduced in metaphor and parable, nor even the negative expressions implying light, such as "out of darkness." In every section the same plan is followed, and the passages succeed each other with so little order or regularity, that, to a person who reads straight through, there occur some juxtapositions of which the facetious Papyrus Cursor might have availed himself in his cross-readings. We have no doubt the authoress is a very pious, well-meaning person, but we confess we prefer the order in which the Bible is generally arranged, to the disjointed fragments of it which she has here dove-tailed together.

*The History of the Persian Wars, from Herodotus, with copious Notes.* By C. W. Stocker, D.D. Vol. I. London: Longman & Co.

THIS is not merely the best, but also the only edition of Herodotus adapted to the use of schools; the gross and licentious anecdotes which sullied the pages of "the father of history," have been removed without injuring the continuity of the narrative; and youthful students may read the original account of the great struggle between Greece and Persia, and escape the impurities by which they were previously liable to be disgusted or depraved. The notes contain an immense body of critical, philological, and historical information, selected with great care and labour, and concentrated with great ability. The questions at the end of the volume are admirably calculated to awaken the attention of the negligent, and to supply the diligent with a convenient test for determining the extent and accuracy of their information.

*Horatii Carmina, recensuit Gul. Jac. Aislabie.* London: printed for the Editor.

THIS is an edition of the Odes of Horace, disposed in the order of the metres. The change in the arrangement is of dubious value, and as the editor has added neither note nor comment, our duty is fulfilled when we bear testimony to the accuracy of the text.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

THE WORLD'S PILGRIM.

BY MISS JEWSDRY.

I told my heart it must not love,  
I chained it with the chain of pride,  
I said the rover should not rove—  
It heard and sighed.

I said I would a wanderer be,  
But not where sandalled pilgrims roam,  
To mount and fane beyond the sea,  
Far, far from home:—

Affection's silken banner furled,  
I said my pilgrim-steps should turn  
On, towards the many-mazed WORLD,  
And ne'er return!

And I am in the world I sought,  
But not with hope or peace my guide,—  
Oh, better ere its love I bought—  
That I had died!

I feel an ice-chill in the crowd—  
I hear a dirge in music's tone—  
And heartless farewells spoken loud  
Change me to stone.

How gladly would I break the spell  
Coiled round me like a serpent cold,  
But prophet-voices cry—"In vain,  
Thy strength is sold!"

So sail I o'er a turbid wave,  
So sleep I on a flowerless brink,  
And oft from visions of the grave  
In terror shrink.

"MARRIED AT LAST"

A Song written by a late sister deboutante, and dedicated to "Out at last!"

How many a long and weary night  
Last year I whiled away,  
Quadrilling e'en till morning's light  
Flashed forth its wanning ray.  
And then I sighed, as home I went,  
That, spite of beauty's pride,  
No anxious lover o'er me bent,  
Or wooed me for his bride.

And still I trod the festal hall,  
Still sung, and spread my snare;  
Yet not a word of love, though all  
Declared me wondrous fair.  
With sweetest smile and softest sigh,  
'Twas mine along to glide  
With fairy foot and form, for I  
Was then no blushing bride.

But things are changed from what they were,  
And last year's budding flower,  
Full-blown 'neath Cupid's fostering care,  
Now graces Hymen's bow.  
For, though I still am young and gay,  
And still in beauty's pride,  
I never dance at dawn of day,  
For I am now a bride.

But though I've left false flattery's vow  
To fairer forms, no doubt,—  
(For oh! how ever fair's the brow  
Of her that's "just come out,")—  
Still, lady, I would have thee east  
The glittering chain aside;  
Then may the lovely "out at last"  
Become a blushing bride!

H. B.

Jan. 20, 1831.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

March 18.—Mr. Ritchie addressed the members and their friends this evening, in an admirable lecture on the Elasticity of bodies, and particularly that of glass threads: with some observations on their utility in delicate philosophical experiments. Elasticity is that property in bodies, whereby they endeavour to resume their original figure, after being exposed to some force tending to alter that figure; and it is necessary thus to define the term, because it is often confounded with pliability, or at least with that imperfect state of elasticity which constitutes toughness.

By perfect elasticity, is meant the property of returning precisely to the original figure after the body has been either pulled, compressed, or twisted; and as this quality belongs more or less to every substance, whether gaseous, liquid, or solid, it may be well to state, briefly, the phenomena which accompany each of their natural states.

A gaseous substance, in common circumstances, always experiences compression from the atmosphere, and seems to be almost infinitely expandable when such pressure is removed: but it may also be increased in most gases to an astonishing degree, without the least injury to the elastic tone of the gas. The elastic force, in such cases, increases as the density of the gas; and the density is proportional to the compression, or very nearly so; and this law holds good until the compression approaches that degree which is necessary to convert the gas into a fluid, when irregularities begin to appear in the experiments, resulting from such approaching change of condition.

The elasticity of liquids operates through so small a space, that its very existence was for a long time doubted; and it cannot be said to furnish any very appropriate theme for a discussion which abounds in matter of more immediate utility.

Solid bodies differ much in their elasticity, most of the metals, wood, and glass, are conspicuous as elastic substances; but as they may be all injured or destroyed by too great pressure, it is not easy, at first sight, to reconcile the idea of a high degree of elasticity with fragility, or, indeed, in the case of glass, extreme brittleness. Now, such substances are elastic in three ways: they resist a force tending to pull them asunder; or one tending to compress them; or one exerting a power to twist them; which latter may, perhaps, be referred to the second class of forces, since any power that twists a solid body must also shorten it, and thus act as a compressive force.

The power of solid substances to resist such efforts is, however, confined within certain limits, beyond which, the strain cannot be continued without producing a complete, or at least a partial fracture. Within such limits the elasticity is always proportional to the force applied: thus, if a certain weight laid on the middle of a long piece of timber bend it an inch, double that weight will bend it two inches, and three times the weight will bend it three inches; but if the force be such that, on removing the weight, we find a permanent deflexion, or, as it is technically termed, a "set," then the elastic force of the body is injured, and on reloading the specimen with an increased weight, the bending increases irregularly, and more rapidly than the weight applied, until at length the material breaks. The strength, therefore, of every substance, as it is available for practical uses, is not to be measured by that force which will actually produce fracture, but by the force which will just cause a permanent set, for that amounts to a partial fracture. This may be illustrated by

taking a piece of wire—if we wish to break it, we bend it till it takes a set in one direction, and then in the contrary direction, and so on, until it breaks; but if the substance be so elastic, or so stiff, that we cannot cause such set at each bending, every one knows that the attempt to break it is perfectly fruitless.

The more elastic bodies are, the more nearly will the point of fracture approach the limit of perfect elasticity; that is to say, the more nearly will that force which first produces a permanent set be also capable of causing fracture: thus, cast iron and various kinds of wood are broken by about three times, and in some cases, four times the force that first causes a set; † but glass, though easily broken, cannot permanently be made to alter its figure in the least by any power applied with such intention, for it always returns to its original shape if bent as much as it can bear without breaking. It appears, then, that glass is perfectly elastic, or so very elastic that the most accurate experiments cannot detect any imperfection. The very limited extent to which thick plates or rods of glass can be bent, is a serious objection to any attempt at making their elasticity serviceable as a measure of forces; but with long glass threads the case is different, for they may be twisted to a great degree without fear of breaking them, and Mr. Ritchie gave some very curious illustrations of the method of measuring minute forces by their aid.

If a slender glass thread be fixed, at one end to the axis of a delicate balance, and at the other to a frame carrying a divided circle and an index; and if the index be turned, so as to twist the glass thread, the balance will also be affected. Now, suppose it requires one complete turn of the index to raise one grain in the balance-scale, then if the balance turn but one degree, it will raise  $\frac{1}{360}$  of a grain, and a corresponding weight for every other space through which the index may move.

So also, if a magnetic needle be suspended by a fine glass thread, the force of magnetism may be measured in different parts of the world by the vibrations of the needle, checked by the elasticity of the thread.

Another application of the same principle, is that of measuring the intensity of voltaic batteries, by observing the effect of a needle suspended by a glass thread, and repelled by the battery, and a curious law has been discovered with respect to the distance of the plates from each other in such batteries, which is, that the force of the charge is diminished as the square root of the distance between the plates; thus, if the plates were first one inch apart, and then removed to 100 inches apart, the effect will only be diminished ten times.

It is scarcely possible to render this subject quite clear without practical illustration; but we trust the short account we have given may still be acceptable to many of our readers. The subject of elasticity is one of the greatest importance, and a thorough knowledge of its principles must lead to the most beneficial results in architecture, machinery of all kinds, and, in fact, every practical application of the strength of materials.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

March 24.—Henry Hallam, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.—Mr. F. Madden, of the British Museum, submitted to the Society the dies of a conventual seal of the time of Henry III., with impressions of it in wax, to show its effect. It is that of a monastery in Hampshire, and the dies have been preserved with the title-deeds of the property, so that they are in complete preservation.

† It is a curious fact that Emerson, who wrote before this principle was understood, should have known that materials are capable of bearing with safety only about the fourth part of the load which breaks them.

The Secretary commenced the reading of an elaborate essay, on the Settlement of the Tyrrenians, in Italy, by Mr. J. G. Grover, of Norwich. Two gentlemen were severally balloted for, and elected Fellows of the Society, and the Vice President gave the usual notices from the chair, of the approaching annual election of President, Council, and officers, for the ensuing year.

## WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

March 19.—Mr. Chinnock in the chair.—Mr. Costelloe read a paper 'On the comparative Merits of the new operation of *Lithotripsy* with the old one of *Lithotomy*.' He related the details of a case he had successfully operated on within the last few weeks.

The gentleman, a respectable farmer from Yorkshire, attended, and answered numerous questions proposed to him by different members. He had some years previously submitted to that of lithotomy, and he now stated he would infinitely prefer the new method adopted by Mr. Costelloe as being "very much less painful and terrible." Mr. Costelloe laid his Lithotritic Instruments on the table for the inspection of the members. The evening was principally occupied by that gentleman's description, and the conversation, or rather catechismal examination, of Mr. Costelloe's patient. The opinion of the members generally was expressed in favour of the new operation.

## INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Feb. 15.—The subject of cast-iron chimney flues being this evening brought under discussion, instances were adduced to show that this metal is much liable to corrosion when used in such situations. Amongst others, Mr. Cottam mentioned that of a flue which had been in use for heating a conservatory during a period of seven years, it was found on examination that decay had proceeded to such an extent as to give the metallic substance all the appearance of a honeycomb.

The great durability of sheet-iron for roofing having been asserted, a question was started whether paint has any real effect in preserving it from oxidation. Decay might proceed from the paint in two different ways: first, when an excess of acid is contained by white-lead, the inevitable result is a gradual corrosion of the iron; again, when by the pressure of sulphuretted hydrogen, or other gaseous bodies, the lead is reduced to a metallic state, galvanic action immediately ensues, which is the greatest enemy to the durability of iron, as is now generally well known.

A curious fact was fully narrated by Mr. Turrell, showing the effect produced by different atmospheres on white paint. A portion of English-manufactured paint was partially reconverted into common lead by exposure to fetid odours, or carburetted hydrogen. French white, in the same situation, remained uninjured, proving the superiority of the latter.

There was an interesting discussion on Mr. Donkin's paper relative to the supply of water to mills.

Feb. 23.—The first question which came forward was, 'The result of late experience on railways, as respects the friction, speed, slipping of the wheels during frost, &c.' Messrs. R. Stephenson and Locke (both of the Liverpool and Manchester railway) were enabled to state, from experience during the late severe storm of frost and snow, that a temporary delay at the outset is all the inconvenience that may be ever dreaded from this cause; the time of travelling the whole distance, of thirty-one miles, by different trains of waggons, was stated; the result being, that all, except the first two, performed the journey in from ten to twenty minutes above



the two hours, fully corroborating their first statement.

Some interesting particulars were likewise given by Mr. R. Stephenson, of the performance of the Northumbrian, a small locomotive engine, weighing 6 tons 3 cwt.; fifty tons were drawn up the inclined plane at Rainhill, by this engine, at the average rate of 7½ miles per hour, the pressure of steam was 50 lbs. to the inch, and at no time of performance was the safety-valve screwed down; the rise of this slope is one foot in ninety-six. Allowing for the momentum acquired by the train of waggons from the previous run on the level part of the road, it may be stated thus—that the engine drew a weight of fifty tons up the inclined plane at the rate of five miles per hour, that is, supposing the waggons to enter upon the inclination with the same velocity at which they will ascend.

Mr. Locke described the difference of construction between Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericson's and Mr. Stephenson's engines, as well as their comparative performance.

*March 1.*—The subject of railways being continued, Mr. Locke gave a minute descriptive statement of performance of a new locomotive engine, now in use on the Liverpool and Manchester railway; it is of greater power than the others, and intended solely for the purpose of assisting them up the inclined plane.

The general result of one experiment was, that it drew a gross weight of 151 tons from Liverpool to Manchester, in two hours and thirty-four minutes, inclusive of thirteen minutes for stoppages.

Mr. R. Stephenson gave an account of an ingenious improvement recently made in the piston of his engine, consisting in the formation of a cavity on the under side of the piston, which is of brass, and works in a horizontal position; it is found, that when the steam enters this cavity, it assists in supporting the piston, causing it to float along the cylinder with considerably less friction. Mr. Turrell and Mr. Cottam took a part in the discussions upon this important subject.

Mr. Cottam furnished some valuable observations on cast-iron girders, upon which he had made experiments and calculations.

A book was presented by the President, entitled, 'Remarks on Canal Navigation, illustrative of the advantages of the use of steam as a moving power on canals.' The introductory part was read by the secretary.

*March 8.*—Mr. Hamilton exhibited and explained an improvement in the adjustment of the spirit-level, which met with very general approbation from the members.

A diagram of a method of proving cast-iron beams was laid before the meeting, introductory to some details of experiments on this subject by Mr. Cottam. The beams were in a horizontal position, held at a small distance from each other by means of short struts, and the force of a hydraulic press applied to bring them together till fracture took place: by this method of experimenting, the calculation for the weight of the beam is got rid of.

The question of 'the comparative merits of Wrought and Cast-iron Railways,' became the subject of an animated discussion. Mr. Hamilton said, that, after a careful examination of many railways of both descriptions, he had reported, in the year 1827, to the High Peak Commissioners, in favour of the use of cast-iron rails, which have been accordingly laid down on that line.

Mr. Locke and Mr. Brunton compared what had come under their own experience upon wrought-iron railways with the statements advanced by Mr. Hamilton, and contended, that the comparative fewness of joinings, and consequent smoothness of the road, as well as diminished

wearing in the waggon wheels, would eventually decide the question in favour of malleable iron rails.

The excellent plan of forming the waggon wheels on the Liverpool and Manchester railway, by adapting a wrought-iron tire or hoop to the rim of a cast-iron wheel, was fully described by Mr. Locke.

A fine specimen of white lias limestone, from Kilmersden, Somerset, was presented by Mr. Jopling, apparently fit for any purpose of lithography.

Mr. W. Parsons was introduced to the meeting by the President, as an associate member.

#### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

*Mar. 22.*—Mr. Aikin delivered a lecture on the *Cerealia*, or those gramineous plants of which the seeds are used as human food. Through the kindness of many members and other gentlemen, a great variety of specimens from different countries were laid on the table, and the lecture was also well arranged. Mr. Aikin adverted to the question among botanists, whether the various kinds of corn now in use have been originally mere grasses improved by cultivation, or are in reality a distinct class of vegetables. It is impossible to decide the question, but if they are a distinct class, it appears very singular they should be nowhere indigenous, for wild corn only occurs where it can be traced to be a degenerated variety of that once cultivated.

The secretary announced that on the next evening Mr. Ainger would deliver a lecture on Rail-roads and Steam-carriages.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	{ Royal College of Physicians, Nine, P.M. Geographical Society ..... Nine, P.M. Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	{ Institution of Civil Engineers, Eight, P.M.
WEDNES.	{ Geological Society ..... past 8, P.M. Society of Arts ..... past 7, P.M.
SATURD.	Westminster Medical Society, Eight P.M.

#### FINE ARTS

##### SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

THERE is always a rich harvest of mediocrity at this exhibition: but the Association is young and is not chartered; it confers no titles and grants no pensions—has no revenue at its back but its poor virtues; we are therefore inclined to be courteous, and have great pleasure in acknowledging that this is decidedly one of the best collections that has yet graced the walls; and we intend this week to be the most amiable of critics, and to speak only of such pictures as best pleased us. And, first of

No. 7. *A View of Civita Castellana*, by LINTON. The critics commended Mr. Linton's lithographic sketches, and we stood alone in our judgment—that they were better suited for artists than the public; that they might suggest or recall fine things, but were very far from being fine things themselves: and here we have proof, in a splendid picture, made out of a woolly lithograph, which we pored over till we were half blind, and whence we could not steal one pleasant recollection. Here is the reality of the scene brought before us; and whoever has travelled over fair Italy, knows and feels that the scene itself may be graced, and glorified by art, but that it must be recalled, or the picture will be looked on with disappointment. The foreground is only well; but it mellowed off finely into the distance. The view stretches across the Valley of Tiber to the far mountains; and the double-arched bridge, and the architectural beauty, which Mr. Linton has so becomingly given to some of the dwellings in this pestilent, pestiferous, stinking town, are very graceful ornaments; and the cold depth of the

dark ravine, to the bottom of which, it is said, the sun never penetrates, and whence the natives believe the malaria issues in a visible and almost tangible form, is finely represented.

No. 45. *Viscount Slane*, by F. Y. HURLSTONE. We could, perhaps, account for most of the feeling of this picture, but that would be hypercritical: it is a work of promise; the attitude is graceful, the flesh natural, and the tone of the whole rich.

No. 6 and 61. *Portraits of the Duke of Gordon and Lord Jersey*—the heads by LAWRENCE, the pictures finished by SIMPSON, and well finished—which is great commendation; to finish a gentleman that Lawrence has beheaded, is no easy task. The head of Lord Jersey is very fine.

No. 93. *Ferretting*, by C. HANCOCK. We spoke in deserved commendation of Mr. Hancock's pictures at the British Institution; this is clever, but we may hereafter hold some discourse with "this same learned Theban."

No. 157. *The Festival of the Law*, by S. A. HART. The gem of the whole collection. The colouring of this picture is rich, the middle tones are most delicately blended together, the light is well concentrated, and the shadows broadly massed, though, perhaps, somewhat too heavy, and the whole too closely imitating Rembrandt.

No. 160. *The Lord Chancellor*, by LONSDALE, is a very large picture, and a very good likeness; our recollection does not justify us in saying more. We will look at it again.

No. 161. *The Grand Entrance to Rouen Cathedral*, by D. ROBERTS. Roberts is a clever painter, and always pleases us; but we had been looking on one of Prout's splendid views of Verona just before we came to this exhibition, and it is not extraordinary, that a scene at Rouen, where they grow stunted vines and make sour wine, should look cold after Italian skies.

No. 164. *Minna, and Brenda*. J. INSKIPP. One of the Illustrations of 'The Pirate' in the new series of the Waverley Novels, and decidedly a clever picture; although the drapery of Minna—nay, even the lady herself—is as flat as a deal board, or, we might say more modestly, a deal too flat.

No. 25. *Reading the Manuscript*, and No. 29, *The Village Belle*, by A. G. VICKERS, are both clever pictures. The colouring is decisive, yet harmonious.

No. 55. *The Wreck of a Merchantman—Sunset*, J. WILSON. This, although not "an absolute Wilson," is bold and effective. "A pretty blustrations night," as Dennis Brulgruddery calls it, is promised by the angry crimson sun, and the sea is dashing about in the awful light. This is a spirited picture.

No. 222. *The Chase—Portraits*, R. B. DAVIS. A clever spanking picture, with horses of all colours going at a spanking pace, and a good hunting country in the distance. To carry the eye well over this picture, almost entitles one to Mr. Davis's brush. The trouble to a painter in these galloping, jumping, yoicing subjects, is to manage the great glaring red coats, which appear to have as little to relieve them, as have the horses under them.

No. 416. *The Salmon-leap on the Tivy*. P. PHILLIPS. A sort of contrast to the last subject, which should have been described as "a Horse-leap on the Tan-tivy."

No. 300. *Exent Omnes*. H. PIDDING. A good name—and the fish extremely brilliant and vivid. We are only puzzled to know whence the fish-lady came, or how she manages to walk on steps which have evidently been just getting up an anti-perspective petition.

No. 267. *A Dutch Coast, an Indianman on Shore—Fog clearing off*. J. WILSON. The Indianman is real and good, and we know, for 'we've

been with Indiamen." But we doubt the clearing off of the fog. It appears to us as dead a fixture in the picture, as any solid article that was ever taken at a valuation.

The water-colour and miniature room, has in it some clever little pieces. Roberts's drawings are really beautiful—and a head by Roehard, lightly washed in, is a head not to be forgotten. There is a black veil over a profusion of dark hair, and the eyes, wakening asleep in their own intense softness and beauty, charm you to the spot, until you dream and dream with them!

The miniatures are very creditable to the artists generally.

Much of the sculpture we have seen before. Sir Thomas Lawrence's head, like St. Stephen's, is almost stoned to death. A wicked varlet, who will ever have his conceit, although he knock the statue of Common Sense off the pedestal in catching it, stood by our side when we were looking at No. 876—*Bust in Marble of His late Majesty George the IV. S. JOSEPH*. His Majesty is honoured with a wig, that, in profusion of curl, makes Sir Cloudesley Shovel's wig a mere crop; and our friend protested the bust was one of His present Majesty William the IV.—for that it was merely a bust of George the IV.'s heir! We groaned, as our readers will groan, at the enormity of the offence.

In our next Number we must really be allowed to speak of a few pictures "as they are." A little friendly administration of fact will benefit a few of the Exhibitions.

#### FINE ARTS IN FRANCE.—No. II.

Paris, March, 1831.

Dear D.—The gallery of the Louvre is now shut, preparatory to the Exhibition of the works of the living Artists, which does not take place annually, as with us, but at intervals of three or four years: the last opened in the autumn of 1827—I was fortunate in reaching Paris before the closing of the gallery. The pictures, as you know, are placed according to the different schools, and the French school occupies three compartments out of nine. Conspicuous in this division are the works of Claude and N. Poussin, painters whose pictures are not always thus classed; as Poussin, although born in France, studied and painted, lived and died at Rome; while Claude also passed all his maturer years in Italy, and Lorraine, the country of his birth, did not become part of France till 160 years after. The modern French painters have no reason to be pleased with this arrangement, as their productions suffer materially by the comparisons, which, from contiguity of situation, the most casual observer does not fail to make. The works of David were the first I examined, and I think his merits have been greatly over-rated. His largest pictures are the 'Romans and Sabines,' 'Leonidas at Thermopylæ,' 'Brutus,' and the 'Horatii': the first is full of theatrical attitudes, with a background of ponderous architectural masses intended to represent the forum of "the eternal city," a year or two after its site had been marked out by its youthful founder. The 'Leonidas' is better in several respects, the group of youths offering garlands on the altar of Venus, is fine, and the background grandly disposed; but the excessive embroidery of the mantles and belts, the highly-wrought embossed shields and helmets, accord neither with truth nor taste, and are as contrary to the manners of the hardy Spartans of the age of Leonidas, as to the dignity of historical painting in any age. The 'Brutus' is a repulsive picture—the principal figure looks like one of David's compatriots and coadjutors in clearing the prisons, and was evidently painted before his studies from the dying victims at La Force had qualified him to delineate truly the effects of agony, bodily or mental, upon conscious rectitude.

In the 'Horatii' he has sought, in the actions of the sons, to avoid the appearance of artificial or affected contrasts, and has stumbled on more affected monotony. His portrait of Pious VII. may be a good likeness, but as a picture, is unworthy notice. His 'Paris and Helen' is gracefully composed, and carefully painted, but there is a want of solidity in the handling, more or less apparent in all his works, which give them a flimsy appearance; in the character of his heads he mistakes ferocity for dignity, and his vaunted correctness of drawing must be received with great limitations, as the figure of Hersilia, in the 'Romans and Sabines,' is faulty in the extreme.

Girodet's performances are next in importance, at least as to number: his 'Endymion' is a classical subject, classically treated—is one of his earliest works, and is decidedly his best; the principal figure is finely drawn, and the action of Cupid is appropriate and happy. His 'Funeral of Atala' is well chosen; but Chactas and the Monk stand in the grave, and the whole group has the appearance of descending through a trap-door, while the countenance and folded hands of the lovely suicide herself, so far from retaining any traces or signs of poison and death, make it difficult to believe she is not even counterfeiting sleep. His 'Revolt of Cairo' is a strange medley of extravagant conceits, or episodes as the French call them, the principal of which is a sort of flying hussar, and the light and shade is so managed as to make "confusion worse confounded." His scene from the 'Deluge' is crowded with horrors: you know the engraving from it, and therefore know how absurdly they are accumulated. The men are unencumbered with drapery, save a large purple mantle, which floats behind them; the woman is partly enveloped in an orange-coloured robe, and from the arm of the boy depends a mantle of dark blue. All these personages being just emerged from the watery abyss, one would have imagined the drapery ought to have some appearance of wetness or moisture about it;—but no such thing; it flows, and curves, and wantons in the wind; and this, the critics say, is just as it should be. In this picture, Girodet has evidently laid himself out to excel, and has shown his anatomical knowledge at the expense of propriety, and even truth. His colouring is generally bad, and his 'Endymion' is only agreeable because the cold and moonlight hues which characterize his works belong there to the subject; his flesh is of a dirty greenish cast, and his fondness for lace and embroidery, and petty conceits, such as putting a red canvas money-bag into the hands of the helpless old man in his Deluge, speaks loudly of his want of taste. Like his master, David, he paints flowers and shrubs, wherever they occur, with the minuteness and precision of a botanist; and if Kent made designs for milliners and sempstresses, these painters may be considered as having drawn patterns for cabinet-makers, upholsterers, lace-makers, and tailors.

Of Gericault, an artist of great promise, who died prematurely, here is one specimen, the 'Raft of the Medusa,' his chief work, which was, I think, exhibited in London;—a finely conceived picture, full of spirit, composed and treated in a masterly manner; the colouring is not so good, the flesh having a clayey hue, and the lights are somewhat scattered, but on the whole this is an admirable production.

There are two specimens of Prud'hon. His 'Crucifixion' is handled in a common-place manner; there is much want of dignity in the heads—the figure of Christ is after an indifferent model, and the legs are bad. His picture of 'Crime pursued by Vengeance and Justice,' tells the story effectively, but the murderer is on a smaller scale than the other figures. There is a seeming inattention to detail in this artist's

works, which, were he an Englishman, would be charitably attributed to incapacity in drawing. This defect evidently arises from the blackness and want of transparency in the shadows, and the same cause gives his pictures a harsh and disagreeable tone.

The 'Marius' of Drouais is a vigorously-executed picture, estimable for its conception, expression, drawing, and colour: the table and bed are not such as are usually found in prisons, even of classical times, but these are trifling defects.

I cannot possibly conjecture why the landscapes of Michallon are exposed here. That the government purchased them, I can understand, because a man may have friends at court; but how they came to be hung up in the Louvre, alongside the pictures of Claude and Poussin, is beyond my comprehension.

The above are the chief productions of the modern French artists which are to be found in this grand collection. I was disappointed, and expressed my disappointment to a Frenchman, who referred me to an Exhibition recently formed of those pictures which, representing the achievements of Napoleon, were inaccessible under the fallen dynasty, and have been recently brought to light after fifteen years seclusion. I have subsequently visited that Exhibition, and will give you some account of it in my next.

I am, dear D., &c.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Thomas Young, M.D. F.R.S.* Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, engraved by C. Turner. Colnaghi, Son & Co.

A most excellent likeness of this lamented and learned man—one cut down by death in the midst of his most interesting endeavours to throw light on Egyptian history. The public, no less than his very numerous friends, will receive this portrait with great pleasure. Mr. Turner sustains in it his long and well-merited reputation. The head is full of expression, and finished with great delicacy—but the drapery is heavy; and the whole wants some of those delicate touches, which the late President alone could give.

*Halloué' en.* Painted by Kidd, and engraved by J. Shury. Moon, Boys & Co.

THIS is the first of a series of twelve Illustrations of Robert Burns, to be published in 'The Royal Lady's Magazine.' It is a very beautiful engraving from a clever picture, but the "outlet Quey," Mr. Kidd, was "among the branches on the brae."

*The Fish Market.* R. P. Bonington; J. Quilley. J. Carpenter & Son.

THE more we see of the productions of this lamented painter, the more do we regret his loss. What perfect nature is here represented! The haze produced on the water by the rising sun, is given with magic effect, nor less ably are the picturesque dresses of the buyers and sellers hit off. It is a coast scene in Normandy. The painter died before he brought this picture to a completion, or otherwise, we are of opinion, he would have given it a greater depth of effect: it is at present too much of one colour. Notwithstanding, Mr. Quilley has done his part most excellently; it will not fail to add much to his reputation as a first-rate mezzotint engraver.

*The Blossoms of Hope.* Drawn on stone by W. Sharp, from a drawing by R. A. Clack. Dickenson.

WE suspect that this picture has been lithographed to gratify mamma. The title is a happy one—but we cannot say much in commendation of the work.

## THEATRICALS

As Mr. James Smith says, in his imitation of the *Morning Post*, in 'Rejected Addresses'—

"Our readers must not be surprised if they find nothing under our usual head this week."

There has indeed been no novelty except Miss Kemble's *Lady Constance*, and that we have been as yet prevented from attending.

## OCTOGENARIAN REMINISCENCES.

In 1760 a Mr. Cross was prompter at Drury Lane Theatre, and a Mr. Saunders the principal machinist. Saunders laboured under an idea that he was qualified for a turf-man, and, like most who are afflicted with that disorder, suffered severely. The animals he kept, instead of being safe running horses for him, generally made him a safe stalking-horse for others. Upon one occasion he came to the theatre in great ill-humour, having just received the account of a race which he had lost. Cross was busily engaged in writing, and cross at the interruption he met with from Saunders's repeated exclamations against his jockey; he at length looked up, and said impatiently, "His fault—his fault—how was it his fault?"—"Why," said Saunders, "the d—d rascal ran my horse against a wagon."—"Umph," replied Cross, "I never knew a horse of yours that was fit to run against anything else."

A musician of the name of Goodall, who belonged to the orchestra of the Theatre Royal, Richmond, in 1767, was fonder of his or any other man's bottle than his own bassoon. The natural consequence was, that he frequently failed in his attendances at the theatre. Upon one occasion, after an absence of a week, he returned in the middle of the performances for the evening. A piece was being acted called the 'Intriguing Chambermaid,' in which there is a character of an old gentleman called Mr. Goodall, who comes on as from a journey followed by a servant carrying his portmanteau. To him there enters a lady, Mrs. Highman, whose first exclamation is, "Bless my eyes, what do I see? Mr. Goodall returned?" At that precise moment Old Goodall happened to put his head into the orchestra, and fancying himself addressed, called out, "Lord bless you, ma'am, I have been here this half hour."

Old Storace (the father of the celebrated composer) had lost nearly all his teeth at rather an early period of his life. This, to one who was decidedly a *bon vivant*, was a great annoyance. A dentist of eminence undertook to supply the defect. He drew the few teeth which remained, and fitted the patient with an entire new set, which acted by means of springs, and were removable at pleasure. The operation was so skilfully performed, and the resemblance so good, that Storace flattered himself no one could discover the deception. Being one day in company with Foster (a performer in the Drury Lane orchestra, and one celebrated among his companions for quaintness and humour), he said, "Now, Foster, I'll surprise you—I'll show you something you never could have guessed." So saying, he took out the ivory teeth, and exclaimed with an air of triumph, "There, what do you think of that?"—"Poh! nonsense! surprise me," replied Foster, "I knew perfectly well they were false."—"How the devil could you know that?" said Storace. "Why," rejoined Foster, "I never knew anything true come out of your mouth."

## MISCELLANEA

*Duchesse de Berri's Library.*—All the week Mr. Evans's Rooms, in Pall Mall, have been crowded with the curious, to view the splendid

collection of books, the property of this much to be pitied lady. Though we have no sympathy with the cause of the Bourbons, yet France itself sympathizes with this amiable woman, and acknowledges that art and literature have lost a munificent patron; and this is fully proved by the contents of the present collection. As a whole, the works are too gaudy to please the taste of Englishmen—red and other moroccos flourish without end, and these are bedizened with gold, laid on with profuse, but tasteless ornament: in nothing more do our own countrymen eclipse our neighbours, than in the exquisite taste and strength of our bindings, equalling what indeed the French ones were, when the celebrated De Rome plied his tasteful hand. The chief attractions have been the Duchess's albums, in which she had collected specimens of the most eminent French artists: yet here again—how opposed is English taste to that of the French!—for who is there with us that has aught of feeling with the compositions of Girard, Girodet, Fragonard, and the rest, who leave nature, to tame down to insipidity the classic models of antiquity? Yet while we pride ourselves upon the number and genius of artists, who excel in the art of water-colouring, let us give the French the merit of at least attempting grand historical compositions, which we, in truth, sadly neglect for fancy subjects, domestic life, and landscape. While the crowds were crushed together to get a sight of the albums, our eyes were on more exquisite productions—in which, indeed, the French eclipse all others—Natural History. We cannot do justice to the exquisite beauty of the Redoute Series of one hundred and seventy drawings of Roses, upon vellum: art, indeed, could not go farther—Mr. Evans should have scented his room with rose-water, and we might have fancied them realities: nor less exquisite were Bessy's Series of five hundred and seventy-two drawings of flowers, all of perfect excellence, and which cost the Duchess one thousand guineas. But were we to tell of all our eyes beheld worthy of admiration, we should far exceed our limits. There was much competition for everything—the prices in general high; though, had it not been a time of such political excitement, we doubt not a far greater number of the higher ranks would have attended, and tended still further to increase the prices.

*Wieland.*—We are indebted for a piquant characteristic of this illustrious lyrist, to a letter from Garve to his mother, which appears in a collection of his familiar correspondence, lately published by Professor Mentzel, of Breslaw. "Wieland is here," says Garve, "and it is he who has stood in the way of my writing to you. I am almost every day in his society; he is very friendly disposed towards me; but I cannot say he is an agreeable companion: he has too much of constraint in his manner, and a degree of affectation in his conversation. He is too much of a teacher, and dwells on common occurrences with vexatious prolixity. I will not say that his principles are exactly bad; yet there is nothing decidedly good about them. The sainted exaltation of his earlier days arose out of an amour. He has a wife and two children at this moment, whom he has not brought with him; but he seems to love them tenderly; and this is of good omen. He appears to have no decided character; it adapts itself to the company in which he happens to be: this may arise from his anxiety to please, or out of a better motive, his desire to flatter the circle in which he is thrown; or it may be occasioned by his possessing no system of his own, and, as an author, being on the alert to take up any subject which may afford him a convenient opportunity of turning his wit to account;—in either case, such a suppleness of the head and understanding as this, is not the mark of a commanding genius.

He deals out fulsome praise in every direction; is not insensible to the charms of a fine eye and handsome person; and had he not been an author, and ambitious of fame, he would have been an Epicurean. With all this, his ways at Erlurt are of a solitary and domestic character. His whole business is writing. His heart and soul seem bent on one exclusive object—his own productions; he is constantly speaking of them, and never without self-applause and admiration."

The following passage from the last number of the North American Review shows that the vicious system, which it has been one great object of the *Athenæum* to expose, extends its baneful consequences farther than we had imagined. It strengthens the argument against the nuisance, and shall proportionally strengthen our zeal for its suppression. Let our American brethren know that the axe is already laid to the root of the parasite plant, which, if not cut down, would stunt the growth of literature, although supported by it.—"It is yet too much the case with the reading world, that we are apt to form our opinions of the merit of books from the notice they receive in the leading English periodical publications. A newspaper advertisement always contains extracts from the reviews, inserted by re-publishers of works here, as a kind of certificate of value, to help the sales. Independence in matters of literature seems little aimed at or encouraged; and, however different the views of things should be when seen through an American medium, they are, in fact, generally in accordance with the positive assertions, roundly and familiarly dealt to us from across the water."

The following analysis of the quarterly list of new publications appended to the North American Review, may give our readers some idea of the state of the literary market in that country: Arts and Sciences, 3; Annual Publications, 9, including a Comic Annual; Biography, 3; Drama, 1, (Irma, a Tragedy); Education, 15; History, 2; Law, 3; Medicine and Surgery, 3; Miscellaneous, 18; Novels and Tales, 5; Poetry, 5; Orations and Addresses, 15; Theology, 26; Voyages and Travels, 1.

The foregoing are the productions of American authors; and the proportion of the Orations, Addresses, and Theological Works, furnish matter of curious reflection to those who consider books as the barometer of a nation's mind.

The American editions of foreign works during the same time, amount to 34, including, Scott's *Demonology*, Moore's *Byron*, the *Musulman*, *Southernann*, *Lady Morgan's France*; *Sterne's works*, *Rogers*, *Campbell*, *Montgomery*, *Lamb*, and *K. White*.

*Pre-eminence of Britain.*—The truest estimate of national character is to be derived from those works, in which its manners and dealings stand recorded. These are novels and plays; and both afford proof that England, in a moral point of view, lays claim to a higher degree of goodness, and, in an intellectual point of view, to a higher degree of intelligence, than any other people under the sun.—*Garve's Correspondence*.

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Days of W. Mon.	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
Tue. 17	58	56	29.80	S.W. Cloudy.
Fr. 18	58	33	30.00	N. to N.W. Clear.
Sat. 19	55	36	30.05	Ditto.
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Mon. 21	56	43	30.00	N. to N.E. Ditto.
Tues. 22	56	36	30.10	N.E. Ditto.
Wed. 23	46	31	30.05	N.E. high. Ditto.

**Preceding Clouds.**—Cirrus, Cirrostratus, Cymoid Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus.  
Nights and mornings fair throughout the week.  
Mean temperature of the week, 40.5°.

**Astronomical Observations.**  
Moon and Mars in conjunction on Friday at 11h.20' p.m.  
The Sun entered Aries on Mon. at 8h. 21m. a.m.  
Venus's geocentric long. on Wed. 24° 14' in Aries.  
Mars — — — 13° 33' in Aquarius.  
Sun's — — — 2° 8' in Aries.  
Length of day on Wed. 12h. 10m.; increased, 4h. 32m.  
Sun's horary motion 2' 28". Logarithmic number of distance on Sunday, 9.90838.

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